

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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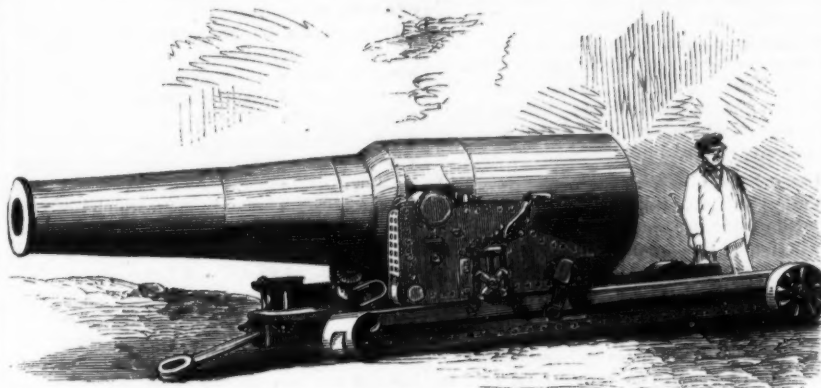
The President's Message.

THE Message of the President to Congress is temperate and dignified; in these respects and in view of the summer speeches of Mr. Johnson, pleasantly disappointing. There was a general apprehension that some of the violence and rashness of these speeches might find way into the Message, and that the standard of our State papers might be lowered equally with that of Presidential oratory. We are not among those who suppose that the tone of the Message is at all different from what it would have been but for the "chastening influences" of the Fall Elections. The difference between the quiet of the study and the excitement of the stump is incalculable, and quite sufficient to account for the marked and satisfactory difference to be observed between Mr. Johnson's speeches and his written compositions. The latter, if not elegant or brilliant, have the more important merit of being clear and intelligible. In this case the document has the special merit of being brief.

The President does not devote much space to the great questions of domestic policy, which occupy gravely the attention of the country; and what little he does say is not satisfactory. It seems almost incredible that the Chief Magistrate of this country, and an active participant in the great events of the past six years, should insist that the war was nothing more than a farce. For, if it brought with it no severer and permanent consequences to those who waged it than exclusion from a share in the Government while it was going on, then indeed it was a farce. When Mr. Johnson tells us that as soon as the last gun was fired the rebels had only to wash their bloody hands and resume their places in the Union and in the National Councils, he insults the popular intelligence. He distinctly affirms

that the instant he proclaimed the war at an end, the insurgent States were thereby, and on the spot, rehabilitated in all respects, with all their rights and powers under the Constitution unimpaired, including the right of representation in Congress in the persons of "loyal" men. He claims to have himself settled, and had the right to settle, the whole

viding securities against its recurrence, and that those who had discarded the Constitution and appealed to the sword must abide by that appeal. The country, with unparalleled unanimity, sustained the position of Congress. To that decision the President should bow, and at once lend the whole weight of his co-operation in carrying out the popular will. It is to be



MODEL OF A NEW CANNON ADOPTED IN THE FRENCH NAVY.—SEE PAGE 215.

question of reconstruction, leaving nothing for the national legislature to do, except to determine whether the men who came up professing to represent the lately rebel States are or are not "loyal."

Congress, long ago, took issue with the President on this question, affirming that the war which racked the country and nearly destroyed it had shown the necessity of pro-

regretted that he has not done so, and that he still insists on a policy equally unsound and impracticable. The former insurgent States will never be represented in Congress until they give "guarantees for the present and securities for the future." No one knows that better than the President; and it is not the part of true statesmanship to persist in postponing by his action or inaction an adjust-

ment which can only be made on a basis already established, thereby prolonging a state of things damaging to all parts of the country, and more particularly to the South. He might remember, with profit, that Peel's reputation as a statesman rests upon the fact that he recognized what was inevitable, and chose to direct a policy which he could not resist. It is in the power of Mr. Johnson to signalize the remaining two years of his office by a complete restoration of the Union on an enduring basis, and on principles consonant with the spirit and requirements of the age; but he cannot do it by pitting his individual notions against the almost unanimous convictions of the people and their representatives. The President's *résumé* of the financial and internal affairs of the country is most gratifying. The public debt has been reduced, in fourteen months, by the sum of \$206,379,000. The revenues for the fiscal year now ended were \$89,905,000 more, and the expenditures \$200,529,000 less than was estimated. The navy, weeded of its transports, etc., now numbers 278 efficient vessels, carrying 2,315 guns, and manned by 13,600 men. During the year 4,629,312 acres of public lands were disposed of, nearly half of them under the Homestead Act. The Post-office is nearly self-sustaining, its receipts being \$14,386,986 and its expenditure \$15,352,079. In every department there is evidence of the increasing wealth and power of the country.

The President reports our foreign relations as on the whole satisfactory. He justly complains that France has not acted with consistency or good faith toward the United States in regard to Mexico, but he anticipates no rupture on that account. The Alabama claims against England are yet unsettled, but there is a hope that they will be taken up by the British Government at



FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT ZANESVILLE, OHIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SLACKE AND BARON, ZANESVILLE.—SEE PAGE 215.

an early day and fairly considered. We regret we cannot concur with the President in his special pleading on behalf of the Fenian prisoners. It exhibits a sensitiveness to the peculiar opinions of one class of our citizens which contrasts strongly with the indifference generally manifested in the Message to the earnestly expressed opinions of the majority of our people on subjects most vital to their interests and peace.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1866.

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Novel and Important Features.

We introduce in the present number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER two new and attractive features, which cannot fail to be deeply interesting to the public. One is the Spirit of the European Pictorial Press, consisting of the most important and striking illustrations in their leading papers. These we have had reduced to a size, which, while it preserves all their general effect, enables us, by economizing our space, to give in one page as many sketches as the most highly illustrated journals contain in an entire number. We have also condensed their somewhat too prolix descriptions, preserving all that is really valuable and necessary to the full understanding of the engraving. This is a very valuable and costly addition to our usual attractions, since it forms a pictorial history of European events.

The other feature is not less novel and interesting, and forms a pictorial record of some of the most remarkable incidents of the week, scattered over the broad expanse of the American continent.

A Suggestion for Moral Reform.

It will be generally conceded that audacity commands a certain amount of respect from the public, no matter with what reprehensible circumstances its development may be associated. Even crime loses in popular estimation something of its turpitude if accompanied by personal daring, or by what may be not inappropriately termed moral courage immorally applied. Hence we involuntarily accord to the prowess of the bold highwayman a modicum of admiration, which we entirely withhold from the sneaking paltriness of the pickpocket. Nay, it might almost be maintained that in the opinion of mankind at large crime and courage mutually embellish each other, and that the world is apt to prefer vicious fearlessness to virtuous heroism. History, biography and fiction alike furnish testimony to the truth of this statement. The Israelitish assumption of Canaan, the conquests of Caesar, the Norman seizure of Britain, the predatory exploits of feudal times—what were all these and other favorite historical episodes, if divested of their antique romances, but burglaries on a large scale— thefts with violence? Have we not, all of us, in our childhood, gloated over "The Pirate's Own Book," "Lives and Exploits of Noted Highwaymen," and "Dick Turpin," rather than peruse "Lives of the Saints," or "Biographies of Holy Men"? In later days, did we not find a horrid zest in the "Newgate Calendar" and revel in the reading of "Jack Sheppard"?—a work, by-the-by, of which the popularity is not based on merit (for Mr. Ainsworth has written many better books), but on the criminal notoriety of its hero. Do not many of us now pass over the reports of distinguished sermons to seek in "Police Items" some delectable piece of brave villainy? So

among characters partially or purely imaginary, our fondness holds chiefly in memory personages not quite unexceptionable in the matters of strict morality. "Robin Hood," "Fra Diavolo," "The Brigand," and scores of other literary, operative and dramatic compositions captivate our fancy mainly, we think, from the spice of wickedness which seasons them; and no novelist of our day can hope for an enduring place in public favor unless he furnish his readers with at least one dashing miscreant. We doubt if even the most piously-minded student of theology could read "Oliver Twist" without feeling a sympathy for the ruffian Sykes, and wishing that he might escape his pursuers. Even among the fairer and more virtuous sex this predilection prevails; and to fascinate the purest and most estimable woman a man should possess undoubted courage, a fair share of physical beauty, and, as a crowning qualification, should be "naughty." All women feel, and most avow, a liking for "dare devils," with a dash of wickedness; and you will hear a delicate little maiden, who screams at the sight of a mouse, becomes almost hysterical at street crossings, and glories in her own cowardice, express, in forcible terms, her utter detestation of a male "milk-sop." Women, generally, deem dueling a heinous crime; ergo, if a man has "been out," more especially if he has killed his adversary, he is awarded the palm over all bloodless competitors for female favor. Petty vices they abhor in their admirers, but bold misdeeds prove irresistible attractions. Even after marriage has destroyed the romance of love, we find the ill-used wives of savage evil-doers manifesting more devotion than is usually shown by the tenderly cared-for spouses of blameless husbands. Nancy Sykes is no mere ideal creation, but finds thousands of prototypes in real life.

Can it be that, as some stern pietists would make us believe, "original sin"—that left-handed inheritance from Eve and Satan—lies at the bottom of this interest in misdoing? that a love for vice is inherent in fallen humanity? or is it that mankind is so constituted that courage in men, as in brutes, is held so laudable in itself that we not only admire it despite its perversion, but that the very perversion of a noble quality inspires us with "pity, akin to love?" We are charitable enough to prefer the latter explanation; for evil deeds if unredeemed by intrepidity rouse in cultivated minds unmixed loathing. While we feel some lingering regard for Sykes, the craven Jew, Fagin, excites only our contempt and execration, and theologians have shown tact in presenting for our detestation their protraitures of Satan as a mean, pusillanimous devil, whose tail is, so to speak, perpetually between his legs, rather than as the "proud-crested," valorous Arch-Fiend of Milton's masterpiece.

By the mischievous efforts of some disgraceful periodicals, which pander to and cultivate the most debased instincts of the populace, this veneration for audacity has been gradually converted, among the unreasoning masses, into a morbid reverence for crime, *per se*; the magnitude of an offense is viewed as a plea of extenuation, and the offender rises in vulgar repute in the exact ratio of his flagitiousness. The small swindler, or minor felon of petty larceny, is a mere commoner in the erring community, and the gradations of rank rises through the subordinate "titled gentry" of burglars, foot-pads, and the like, up to the eminent distinction of millionaire forgers and defaulters (*quasi* Barons of the Exchequer) and murderers, who are looked upon as Peers of the Realm. It matters not how dastardly the deed were done; the taker of human life forthwith becomes a hero, and these Court Journals of Sin adorn their columns with his portrait, and flaunt revolting pictures of his crime, heightened by such accessories of brutality as the artist can imagine; reporters are sent to visit him in his cell and all the details of their interviews are printed; and shop boys and apprentices pore over his biography, his "last dying speech" and mock heroic accounts of his demeanor at the gallows, until they envy his notoriety and but too often are led to crave an opportunity to achieve similar fame. We believe that the publication of these archives of Infamy has done and is doing more to incite wrong tendencies in the lower classes—and particularly in the youth of those classes—than any other ten demoralizing agents combined; and that the first and most important step toward moral reform should be an earnest endeavor to dissipate the false glare thus cast upon malefaction, dazzling the sight of ignorant beholders. Let guilt be universally held up not only as punishable but as shameful—subtract the allurements of that diseased ambition, which, failing celebrity, seeks notoriety—and more will be done for the prevention of crime than could be accomplished by any other measures. Courage will still condone to some extent for culpability, and there will always be a few spirits so degraded as to be careless of ignominy; but the mass of misdeeds will suffer vast reduction when, if ever, the odium attached to misdoing shall be divested of every palliation now offered by the

topsy-turvy apotheosis accorded to egregious culprits.

Women's Rights and Opinions.

A WOMAN'S RIGHTS or Equal Rights Convention recently met in Albany, and resolved, among other things, that the members thereof, partly male and partly female, were grossly insulted by "the introduction of the word male, three times repeated," in the pending Constitutional Amendments. As the *Tribune* justly remarks, the purpose of "insult" to anybody never entered the minds of those who framed or voted for those Amendments.

It is a grave question in our minds what value should attach to women's opinions—to say nothing of their "resolves" when in convention assembled.

"Trust a man's reason and a woman's instinct;" "Depend on a woman's first thoughts, not on her second," are specimens of what we hear every day reiterated. We are not about to insinuate that the bitter pill is not administered in the sweetest of coverings. The assertions as to the inferiority of women's reasoning faculties are generally accompanied by such strong statements with regard to the superiority of their instinct, and of the judgments resulting from the decisions prompted by it, that we are not in the slightest degree surprised to find women unprepared to give up the advantages of an instinct, the exercise of which costs them no trouble, merely that they may gain the power of employing the slower processes of reasoning. We imagine, however, that a little reconsideration of the matter might be advantageous. The mind which depends solely on its instincts, is, in many cases, necessarily brought into circumstances where even those highly-prized powers are at a disadvantage. It appears to us that when a decision has to be made which involves the balancing of a considerable number of probabilities (as do most decisions with regard to the conduct of life), it would be well had women been trained to consider and weigh, rather more than many of them do, the advantages and disadvantages arising from the pursuit of any certain course of action. The instinct may, on the whole, decide correctly, but where the instinct is informed and guided by no definite principle, we fear that its decisions may occasionally be classified under the head of the results of unreasoning prejudices.

Though we have instanced serious affairs as affording exemplifications of the matters upon which women would do well not to trust wholly to their instincts, yet we feel that such events as these, which require the highest powers to be called into action for their decision, are not events of every-day occurrence. There are, of course, hundreds of little every-day incidents, in judgment upon which a woman can exercise her instinct fully and without harm, and with regard to which she may express her opinion without fear of doing mischief.

To such, however, we would advise that the instinctive judgments should be confined. When women undertake to talk upon subjects which require thought, they should either be willing to give the mental labor necessary to secure a knowledge of the matters in hand, as a foundation for the opinions they express, or else they should be content to let them alone entirely.

We fear, however, that the first of these alternatives presents a considerable difficulty. The knowledge resulting from mental labor takes time to acquire, and is a work of some difficulty; but the instinctive judgment, which women have been taught to consider so much superior in its results, is rapid in its effects and requires no previous preparation.

The opinions which we hear women express seem to us to be capable of division into two sorts, those which are the result of imperfect information and those which are merely the reflections of the opinions of others. In fact, one might almost say that it is with the opinions of women, as it has been asserted with regard to their character—most have none at all. Their opinions are not formed by the exercise of their own observation or judgment, unless, indeed, the instinct theory is allowed to have much weight. They simply repeat and reiterate what is said around them. We have even known the force of imitation carried so far with some women as to result in their repeating the very words and distinctive phrases of the people who were their opinion-makers in chief.

We are aware that this state of things is a result in great measure of the dependent character of women's minds. Possibly, the undue encouragement of the reliance on instinctive judgments has also something to do with it. All that we are anxious to secure is, that the fact should be recognized, and that women should not delude themselves into the idea that they entertain opinions of their own, when, in reality, they only repeat what they have picked up from others.

The possession of this species of second-rate opinion appears to us to be becoming very preva-

lent in the present day, especially among those young ladies who have much leisure time and no very definite object with which to occupy themselves. Those among them who have what are termed literary tastes devote themselves to the reading of books—we do not mean novels, but the books which interest and stir the thinking men of the day. We do not intend to deprecate their pursuits, still less would we recommend them to "give up meddling with things which they cannot understand." What we would desire is, that these ladies should think upon the subjects about which they read. If this were effected, it would not then be the case that when one of the subjects of the day is introduced, the conversation of women on the point should consist almost invariably of mere statements of the opinions of the writers whose works they have been perusing. That women should go about in society dogmatizing and stating their views is the last thing in the world which we should desire to see; but we could wish, for their own sakes, that their opinions were a little more frequently the result of their own thoughts, and less often mere reflections of those of other people.

Illinois and the War.

DURING the war, which began with the fall of Sumter and ended with the collapse of the Confederacy, the State of Illinois furnished 258,217 men. Only the great States of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio exceeded this amount. The men were furnished under the following calls:

| | |
|--|---------|
| April 15, 1861, for 75,000 men..... | 4,820 |
| April 22, 1861, for 500,000 men..... | 81,952 |
| May and June, 1862, for 3 months' men..... | 6,696 |
| July 2, 1862, for 300,000 men..... | 58,680 |
| October 17, 1863, for 500,000 men..... | 32,179 |
| March 14, 1864, for 200,000 men..... | 21,351 |
| April 23, 1864, for 100 days' men..... | 11,368 |
| July 18, 1864, for 500,000 men..... | 15,412 |
| December 19, 1864, for 300,000 men..... | 27,810 |
| Total..... | 258,217 |

Of the colored men enlisted in the war, Illinois raised 1,811; of sailors, 1,171. Of the 258,000 men this State furnished for the war, 72,289 suffered some casualty, or left the service before the expiration of their term:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Killed..... | 8,909 |
| Died of disease..... | 19,934 |
| Deserted..... | 13,046 |
| Honorably discharged..... | 2,443 |
| Dishonorably discharged..... | 493 |
| Discharged for disability..... | 23,931 |
| Officers resigned..... | 3,334 |
| Loss on gunboat General Lyon..... | 200 |
| Executed..... | — |
| Total..... | 72,289 |

To her credit be it said, the citizens of Illinois paid a smaller sum of commutation money into the Treasury than any other State. Of the \$26,366,616 paid for commutation, Illinois furnished only \$15,900. Iowa comes next, with \$22,500. The District of Columbia alone, paid \$96,900 for commutation money, and Pennsylvania raised over \$8,500,000 for this purpose. To obtain the 2,500,000 of soldiers that enlisted the National Government paid a little over \$300,000,000. In addition to her share of this amount, Illinois, in her State capacity and through her county and other organizations, paid \$17,000,000 more.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a recent article on the "bursting up" of an operator in shares by the name of McEwen, who attempted to do things on the London Exchange precisely the same with those which are called "brilliant" in New York, makes the following criticism which is nowhere more applicable than here. It says:

"Suppose by artful devices, and especially by keeping people in the dark as to the true position of the stock and as to the hands in which it is deposited, you tempt people to make contracts which you disable them from fulfilling except upon the most ruinous terms dictated by yourself—is not this as dirty an act as a man can well do? Would any one treat his friend so in a particular instance and expect for one moment to retain his esteem in case of discovery? The impossibility of distinguishing between honest and dishonest motives for operations of this sort is a very good reason for not attempting to treat them, as our ancestors treated them, as crimes of a very mean order. The fact that there is a form of roguery which the law is obliged to permit, is a reason why the moral character of the act should be insisted on as strongly as possible by all who can reach any part of the public. It would indeed be the happiest of happy events for this country if people could be made to understand that a life of jockeying and jockeying and rigging is a life of vice just as gross as and much less excusable than a life of simple sensuality. A pettier, dirtier creature, a more useless and contemptible blackguard than a man who passes his life in reckless gambling, though it does not go by that name, is not to be found in the world. If he rises to be as rich as Croesus, and if he pays hush-money in the shape of building churches and hospitals to any extent, it makes no difference. He is a low rogue, differing only in degree from the vulgarest thimble-rigger, and he ought to be made to feel it by the conduct of all honest men."

The English reactionary press is sad and indignant over the corruption and abuse of the franchise in the United States. It anticipates the most shocking results from the introduction of anything like the American system of suffrage in Great Britain. Yet in the late Lancaster election, it was found that just half of the electors had received direct bribes, in addition to a number more who had received "gratifications" in one form or other. Out of 1,419 votes on the register, and 1,339 who actually polled, 717 were distinctly paid for their votes. In the borough of Yarmouth, it has been ascertained that the entire number of electors on the register is 1,647, of whom 1,432 voted, and of these 500 were bribed, or above one-third. As many as 436 admitted their corruption, and 64 others, known to have received money, were either at sea or dead. The number of pub-

lic-houses and beer-shops is 268, and two-thirds of them have votes, and 58 received direct bribes. It seems difficult to imagine a system more corrupt than that under which such abuses are possible. The elections in Kansas under the Old Pub. Func. were not more atrocious.

One of the results of the late war in Europe is the creation, or rather the strengthening, of a great Protestant State. Although Prussia before the war counted 6,500,000 of Roman Catholics to nearly 11,000,000 of Protestants, the former were by no means of the reactionary stamp of those in France, in the faithful parts of Italy and in districts of Southern Germany. And the additions to Prussia add more largely to the Protestant than to the Catholic side of the population. Hanover contained 1,613,100 Protestants to 217,453 Catholics; Saxony, which is virtually in the hands of Prussia, had more than 2,000,000 Protestants and not 40,000 Catholics; and Hesse Cassel presents much the same proportions. Thus the Protestants in the new kingdom of North Germany will outnumber the Catholics by 7,500,000, or, at a rough guess, by about a third of the population. This, too, is only the immediate result. If these figures mean anything, they mean that there is a great Protestant power opposed to the pretensions of the Pope's supremacy, ready to impart secular education, to let the people marry by law if they wish it, instead of insisting on the choice between a sacrament and a life of sin. They mean breech-loaders, which one of the cardinals declared to be the inventions of the Evil One; and they mean, above all, that Austria, which has so long fought the Pope's fight on both sides of the Alps, is powerless in Germany, that another era has begun, and other laws will prevail.

Appropos of some comments of our own in a recent number of our paper on consuls, we copy from the London correspondence of a contemporary, the following paragraph:

"I have traveled much in Europe, and have frequently come in contact with many of these officers, and, until of late years, I have in many cases felt real sorrow to find men accredited to foreign countries who could not speak one word of the language of the country in which they resided. Men without any acquaintance with international or, in fact, any law, or of anything but gentlemanly manners and bearing. All officers from the United States to European Governments should at least be gentlemen, and it is to be hoped that the State Department will side by the circular they have recently issued, and compel every candidate for a foreign appointment to pass a rigid examination, and prove his qualification for the honorable position he seeks. In fact, gentlemen should be specially educated for the position, but to insure this, it would be necessary to make the appointments of a more permanent character than they are at present, and also that good conduct and efficiency should insure promotion, and not—as in some cases that have come under my knowledge—a recall."

TOWN GOSSIP.

Some of the daily papers have been descending on what they call the science of Government. There is very little doubt that not sufficient caution is observed in selecting the men who represent the nation abroad. The importance of sending men to France, Germany, or Spain, who are able to speak the language of the court they are accredited to, needs no argument. It is self-evident. In many respects our foreign appointments are more important than our home ones. Since a bad or incapable official here can do little mischief, or can be to a great extent neutralized, while abroad he is uncontrolled, and his behavior compromises the national dignity. Too frequently have our ministers and consuls abroad been men who were thus rewarded for party services, and not on account of any special fitness for the post. It is certain that the study of diplomatic duties might be advantageously instituted in our colleges. Every other profession requires some apprenticeship or previous study. Our youths are trained at West Point to become soldiers, and at Annapolis to be sailors. Law, physics and engineering require previous application; but statesmanship, upon which the happiness and prosperity of a people depend so largely, is left to the mere haphazard of our national sagacity. We never wish that any of our ministers should earn the definition of Rochefoucauld, that an ambassador was a man sent abroad to tell lies for the good of his country, but we should like to see them educated and accomplished gentlemen, qualified to conduct the business of their position, and able to hold their own with the elite of European diplomats.

A correspondent, who dates his misadventure from the adjacent Kingdom of the Jerseys, gives us a very amusing account of an aristocratic collection of Christians in a little village, visible with a powerful telescope from our great city of New York. If we are not deceived, we are indebted to him for a very spicy account, some eight or nine months ago, of a pitched battle in a place not usually devoted to pugilistic encounters—we mean a church. On that special occasion the brawlers were, like Lucifer and his naughty angels, driven from their original haunts and condemned to perform penance and quarantine in a little place till then dedicated to a house of another order. Recovering, like the fallen archangels and angels already referred to, they have bought a church which was for sale, where they have now pitched their tabernacle. What our correspondent particularly admires is the pious declaration of one of the chief conspirators, "that they won't have any poor persons in their congregation." "He wants it to be an aristocratic church," he evidently has crossed out of his Bible that awkward text that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." Our aristocratic friend evidently thinks with the King of Spain, who gave it as his solemn opinion that the Alms-bity will thus twice before he damns persons of such importance as those who belong to this collection of prayerful Pharisees.

Our readers will, no doubt, remember that capital caricature of Cruikshank, representing a fashionable Belgianian congregation, as fine as silk, satin, broadcloth and jewels can make them, ogling one another, while they utter like so many parrots: "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" But that congregation consisted of real aristocrats—this is, merely a collection of sham gooseberry Christians, and not champagne.

The saddest topic of the week is the critical condition of N. P. Willis. This charming writer and agreeable man, whose health has been failing for some time, is now quietly sliding off into that vast ocean whose waves are years. The author of "Penicillings by the Way" has labored so long to amuse the public that it seems like losing an old friend to miss his pleasant prattlings in the *Home Journal*. Those who complain of his affectations of style should remember that it was these very peculiarities which made him so noticeable a portion of our current literature.

In many respects he resembled Leigh Hunt. There was not much force nor originality in their writings, but their erudition and flippancy are very attractive. Mr. Willis's ingratiating way of twisting the stalest topics freshened them so much that they seemed new. He

possibly may have carried his *periphrase* to excess, but amid the chaff of his badinage there was always that redeeming grain of humanity and philosophy which is the vitality of thought. Whatever "Zotius" may say, the writings of Willis are part and parcel of American literature.

The poetry of Willis may not have the smell of the new mown hay, or the fragrance and dew of the flower, but its catholic income and poetic perfume are pleasant to the million, and his own nature being essentially artificial, he pondered to the conventional taste of those fine young ladies and gentlemen who, thirty years ago, constituted the upper-tendency of Society. To blame Mr. Willis for being what he was is equivalent to blaming a man of the world for not being an intellectual peasant. He is not a Bryant—nor is Bryant a Willis—yet both are necessary links in our literary chain. It is consoling to know that, thanks to the goddess Sleep, he suffers no pain, but, soothed by that gentle divinity, awaits the inevitable hour. It is in such moments that we feel with Coleridge:

Oh, sleep is a beloved thing—
Beloved from poe's to polo—
To Mary Queen the praise be given,
She sends the blessed sleep from heaven,
That slides into our soul.

The comic topic of the week is the amateur race across the Atlantic by three members of the New York Yacht Association. As the thing is done for a wager, it almost assumes the dignity of cock-fighting, rat-killing or dog-baiting, all of which kindred sports are illustrated in our present number. The nervous anxiety with which all other yachts are excluded enables the charitable to suspect, however, that it is not chargeable with partaking of gambling, since the present arrangement allows the winning party to return to the losers their proportion of the stakes.

Since the three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl, there has been nothing to equal these three juvenile Noahs, whose remarkable daring in going out into the narrow waters of the Atlantic, and Captain Cook, saying nothing of Columbus, into the wide. With such a glorious example before our youth we shall soon hear of surprising New Yorkers venturing as far as Communipaw.

Edward H. Hall, the editor of the "United States Handbook of Travel," leaves New York to the H. Channel steamer for San Francisco, en route for Japan and China. After performing the circumnavigation of the world he hopes to meet the Commissioners in Paris.

Amusements in the City.

For the week ending Wednesday December 12th, the following have been the leading features and promises.

*** "Armada," at the Broadway, briefly spoken of last week, proved an excellent adaptation of that novel by Miss Olive Logan, the salient points (the timber-ship and the samarium) skillfully caught, and the leading characters very well played by Miss Kate Reynolds (Miss Gertrude), Miss Celia Logan, Messrs. Nagle, George Stoddard, Jack, &c. Mr. E. L. Davenport commenced a welcome engagement here on Saturday evening the 8th; and Mr. John E. Owens commences a yet more welcome one on Monday evening the 10th. *** At the New York Theatre "Griffith Gaunt" has run on, with certain changes, Miss Eliza Newton in place of (and better than) Miss Eytine, as Kate Peyton, and Mr. Lanerger a very acceptable Griffith Gaunt. The French fairy-piece, "Cendrillon" ("Cinderella") is to have place at this theatre, at once. *** At the Olympic the long run of the "Long Strike" terminated on Saturday evening the 8th, and on Monday the 10th, Mr. George Jordan and Miss Rose Eytine commenced an engagement and produced the London success, the "Master of Ravenswood," of which something more hereafter. *** At the Winter Garden opera and Mr. Edwin Booth have continued to alternate very successfully. The "Huguenots" was somewhat brilliantly given on Wednesday evening the 5th, the leading roles by Signora Carmen Poch (Valentine), Signorina Ronconi (Marguerite de Val), Signorina Ronconi (a failure), Signori Mazzoleni, Bellini, Antonucci, &c. "Faust" was given on Friday evening, "Lucretia Borgia" at the matinee on Saturday, and on Monday evening "Crispino" had its last repetition for the present. Mr. Booth's only change has been to "Richard III." with very sweet support from Madame Mathias-Scheller as Julia, a strong Barabas in Mr. Burton Hill, a variable though promising De Mauprat in Mr. Gotthold, &c. *** At Wallace's the feature has been Mr. Lester Wallace as Young Marlowe in "She Stoops to Conquer," and Otis, in "Central Park," with a change on Monday the 10th, to the old comedy, "To Marry or Not to Marry?" and the "Irish Heiress" on Friday; "Ours," the London light comedy, will probably be produced here on Monday the 17th, Mr. Wallace in the leading role. *** At the "Black Crook," showing no signs of debility whatever, "At a Glance," the combination between Museum and Menagerie (Van Amburgh's) has proved a very strong one, and the attendance has been excellent. The dramatic feature of the past week has been the touching drama of "Old Adam." *** At the New York Circus no important change has taken place in the programme, since last announcement. *** Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, assisted by his daughter, commenced a series of national musical entertainments at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening the 6th, and repeats the entertainment on Friday evening the 14th. *** The rebuilding of the Academy of Music is now progressing with commendable rapidity, the roof being nearly covered; and no doubt the current week will see that security against frost and suspension of labor completed. *** At the Theatre Francaise, the operatic feature of the week has been "Galaeth" ("Galaeth"), and the comedy one "Le Roman d'une Heure," both given on Thursday evening. *** Mr. Daly's "Griffith Gaunt" was played at Washington during the week ending the 8th, and Mrs. Conway produced it at the Brooklyn Park on Monday the 10th.

ART GOSSIP.

A new and pleasing reunion for the connoisseurs, artists and society of New York in its best phases generally, is the weekly "At Home" given by the artists of the Tenth Street Studio, the first of which pleasant occasion took place on Saturday, December 1st. The studios, on each Saturday during the winter season, are to be open to visitors from noon to five p. m., between which hours they will undoubtedly be thronged, as they were on the opening day, with numerous representatives of the best and most intellectual circles of New York society. At the inauguration of the "At Home," the same groupings were to be observed that were characteristic of the "Receptions" given each season, for some years past, by the artists occupying these studios, as well as at that of the gallery of the Upper Dodworth Building, and at that of the Brooklyn Art Association. Visitors who attend these new matinees will see a vast deal that is calculated not only to amuse, but also to instruct. They will have a glimpse, too, of the inner life of the artists who work so assiduously, and whose works are a recognized power in the advancement and culture of popular taste. But on one of these reception days the studios, of course, do not present the cloister-like air of seclusion, and even solitude, by which they are marked on the other days of the week. Then the explorer of the long and somewhat intricate corridors is sometimes startled at the reverberation of his own foot-falls. He reaches the door of the artist whom he desires to visit, and all is so still, so absolutely hushed, that he thinks his "luck is down on him," and that the occupant of the studio is absent for the time. A knock, however, and the door sounds hollowly to the touch of his knuckles. At all reasonable hours of the day this summons is pretty sure to be responded to by a "Come in," and it is equally certain that the visitor, on entering, will find the artist, be he sculptor or be he painter, earnestly engaged on some more or less developed work

of art. Each of these studios has its individuality, according to the characteristic taste of its occupant and the particular branch of art followed by him.

The studios of Messrs. Bierstadt and Bradford are perfect museums of arms, costume and trappings of all sorts, from the tribes of the East West and from the Equinox lodges of the Labrador coast. Both of these artists were a good deal known at studios in country quarters, but they still retain, we believe, their large and well-arranged rooms in the Studio Building. Hays, who has also penetrated to the plains where the Indian and the bison are, respectively, the representatives of primitive human and primitive cattle life, has much in his studio that is interesting to the visitor. His large and fine picture of the "Beaver Bay" is not one of the least of these. The artist has fixed with much power the character of this gray-skinned animal in its most savage aspects. The studio of Louis Thompson—a young sculptor whose works have already won for him a reputation of which any artist might justly feel proud—is one greatly attractive to the visitors. There are to be seen here at all times portrait busts evincing great power of seizing character and of idealizing it without the loss of a single individual trait. Two small models in full length, of Shakespeare, on one of which Mr. Thompson is still at work, are much admired for the grace and simplicity of their design. In the studio occupied by Regis Gignoux, whose landscapes have a reputation in Europe no less than in this country, are to be seen sketches, innumerable, the accumulation of years of assiduous studies in the fields and woods and by the waters.

There is now on the easel of Mr. Gignoux a picture lately finished by him, the subject of which is "Early Snow." It is a composition giving the strong contrasts offered by the blazing trees of late autumn with the light and transient snow that often falls and remains for a day or two, before the glories of October have yet turned gray. Shattuck has the walls of his studio well covered with studies of pastoral landscapes and life, the fruits of his summer rambles in districts having less of grandeur in their scenery than of that quiet, home sentiment detected by him with so much truth and feeling. The figure-pieces of E. J. Guy have much in them to attract visitors, who are appreciative of domestic life, juvenile life especially; and the same subjects are to be found, treated with great skill, in the studio of J. G. Brown. There is a rising young painter, named Irving, some of whose pictures, painted in the minute style of Meissonier, we have seen in these studios, and they evince great promise. Messrs. Gifford and Hubbard, whose studios adjoin, have always a number of sketches characteristic of the different kind of landscape, in the transfer of which to canvas they have each achieved such decided success. This is a mere glance at the studios; but in future Art Gossip we shall note, from time to time, such features as may strike us as being specially attractive in these "art-homes."

Among the new pictures lately added by Mr. S. P. Avery to the collection in his pleasant galleries, we have to note a couple of figure-pieces, by Woodville, an American artist, who died in England a few years since, and whose works, which are excellent for character and grouping, are now very scarce. Also a very pleasing picture, by J. T. Peele, of a sweet girl holding a dead goldfinch in her hand. The type of female beauty is far above that usually seen in pictures by this artist, and connoisseurs will all agree that the great skill with which the bird is painted. A picture in the same gallery, by Couty, has a great deal of humor in the animal way; the group consists of an organ—which has been left on the ground by its "grinder," who has probably gone to obtain refreshment—a monkey, who is defending it with a fiddle, held menacingly aloft, and a couple of performing poodles, one of whom is making an attack on Jocko.

BOOK NOTICES, &c.

A SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE. By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A good book for young ladies, detailing the incidents of a few weeks spent among the White Mountains, with a great deal of such small talk as girls delight in; here and there one of the higher truths, of which the authoress evidently has an abundance, but which she has feared to give too freely.

AFLAT IN THE FOREST; OR, A VOYAGE AMONG THE TREE-TOPS. BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Especially adapted to the tastes of boys. To the interest inseparable from a well-told tale is added the excitement attending the details of perilous voyaging and travel. This book is chiefly taken up with the adventures of a party descending the Amazon, which gives the author an opportunity of introducing a good deal of the natural history pertaining to the great Amazonian forest region. Striking illustrations on tinted paper add to the attractiveness of the work.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

—It is stated that the cultivation of the tea plant has been successfully introduced in the State of Georgia. It was tried in 1847 at Greenville, South Carolina, by Dr. Jarvis Smith, who procured 500 plants, of five to seven years' growth, from China. The general characteristics of the plant remained unchanged by the new climate and soil, and the leaves, put out at the same season as in China. Dr. Smith estimated that he could produce tea in this country at ten cents per pound, while the average cost was twenty cents in China at the ship's side. It is conjectured that it could be cultivated with success in California, where there are so many Chinese on the spot, whose labor and experience could be employed in it when the gold-hunting mania shall subside.

—Some misapprehension having arisen as to the class of saws which is intended to be exempt from revenue tax, under the head of *hand-saws*, we think it may be useful to state that Mr. Rollins, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has recently decided that the *hand-saws* exempted from tax by the new law are held to be the common small saws ordinarily used by joiners or carpenters, and known by that name. The exemption is not regarded as being applicable to pit and cross-cut saws.

—A new kind of hemp has been discovered in California, in some respects superior to any textile material now in use. The fibre is longer, finer, and stronger than common hemp, longer than flax, and more abundant in proportion to the wood, and more easily separated from the wood than either. These two fibres can be obtained for practical use only by soaking and rotting the plants; whereas the silver hemp fibre can be stripped clean from the stalk without any preparation. A number of gentlemen familiar with hemp and flax have examined the new material, and expressed their confident belief that it is destined to be of great value.

—The steamship *Britannia*, of the anchor line, left Londonderry on the 4th of November last for this port. Since then, thirty-four days ago, no tidings have been received of her or her whereabouts. Fears are entertained that she has been lost.

—Charles D. Cady, the bookkeeper who was arrested on Thursday, November 6, charged with appropriating \$100,000 worth of his employers' stocks, was brought before Justice Hogan at the Tombs yesterday. He declined to say anything touching his guilt or innocence until he pleads in trial.

—Letters from Fort Smith, Montana Territory, state that about fifteen hundred lodges of Crow Indians were reported moving on it for its capture.

—A demurrer to the indictment of Sanford Conover for perjury, in connection with the Lincoln assassination, has been filed in the courts in Washington.

—The Massachusetts officials made a raid on the liquor dealers, Friday, November 7th. Half a dozen places in Boston were visited and the whole stock of

liquor emptied into the streets. In East Cambridge and Somerville large quantities were destroyed, and in Gloucester every known dealer was visited and his stock seized.

—Minister Bigelow's reply to Secretary Seward's cipher dispatch is published.

—The French Minister of Foreign Affairs says that the whole expeditionary force in Mexico will be withdrawn in the month of March.

—A train on the Vermont Central Railroad ran off the track near White River Junction on Thursday, November 6th, afternoon, and was precipitated down an embankment a distance of fifteen feet. The fireman was killed and the engineer was dangerously injured.

—At Cooper Institute on the 7th instant, the Women's Rights Convention met again, and was presided over by Mrs. Susan B. Anthony. Address were delivered by Rev. Olympia Brown, Beattie Bisbee, Parker Pillsbury, Henry B. Blackwell and others. A lively discussion ensued at the close on the subject of Christianity in churches and state-manship in Congress.

—The firm of Folger & Tibbs, No. 54 Leonard street, have, it is alleged, been victimized about fifty or sixty mechanics of the city to an amount approximating \$300,000. It is stated that the firm represented themselves to have a cash capital of \$40,000, and obtained thereby large amounts of goods, which they immediately shipped South and West, and auctioned off at prices far below their value, never paying the original owners even to the smallest amount. Recently, it seems, a man named Kinck bought out the concern, or pretended to do so; but one of the victims, suspecting matters were not all right, made affidavit, which placed the detectives upon their track, and three of the parties have been arrested. The rest are being closely pursued. The case was to have been examined at the Tombs on the 7th instant, but was postponed owing to the absence of the District Attorney. One of the parties, W. C. Williams, is also charged with forging a check on the Central National Bank to the amount of \$3,000.

—The statement of public debt for the month of November shows the total debt to be \$2,664,993,875, and the cash in the Treasury to be \$135,364,637.

The Montreal *Herald* publishes extracts from the statements of the person who informed the American Ambassador at Rome of the fact of John H. Surratt being in the Papal army. He says that Surratt declares that the assassination of Lincoln was planned at Richmond, with the assent of Jeff Davis.

Foreign.

—For the first time, a general statistic review of the movement of the population in Spain has been published. According to this, the number of births in the past year was 871,586, of deaths 432,067, of marriages 129,893. The statistics published by the *Revista General de Estadística* singularly enough fail to give the total of the population; it only records one birth in 27 inhabitants, one death in 33, one marriage in 129, according to which the total of inhabitants would be 15,500,000. The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children in the country and other towns is 1 in 27, in the provincial capitals 1 in 33. Of deaths in excess less than one year old there are 101,174; less than five, 108,627; less than ten, 20,906; less than twenty, 30,161; less than thirty, 24,031; less than forty, 30,096; less than fifty, 25,201; less than sixty, 23,638; less than seventy, 36,830; less than eighty, 27,089; less than ninety, 11,610; less than a hundred, 1,500; above a hundred died 88 persons.

—Englishmen drink much beer and also pay much money for it. A Manchester paper says that a hotel and restaurant keeper in that city asks \$150,000 for the good will of his business; his profits are \$25,500 per annum, and the profit on the sale of beer is 180 per cent., and on stout 200 per cent.

—The youth of London light their cigars with a new invention, called *poudre de feu*. It consists of pyrophorus, which is preserved in a small tin case, with a narrow orifice. When a small quantity of this dark powder is poured out on the end of a cigar, and breathed on gently, it becomes incandescent, and lights the pipe or cigar.

—The Paris *Temps* is informed by a letter from Prague that the reported attempt on the life of the Emperor of Austria was all a mistake of the English officer who arrested the supposed regicide. It has been ascertained that he is nothing but an unoffending tailor, and he has been set at liberty.

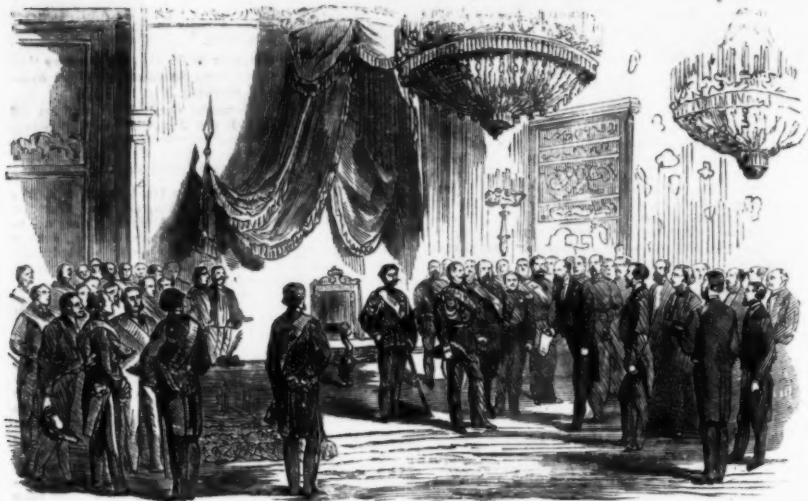
—Two plans for reorganizing the French army are said to be sufficiently complete to lay before the Emperor.—1. The whole contingent to be called out each year; all fit for service to be retained, those unfit to return home, Service-men to be divided into three classes. The first, those destined for the active army, to be distributed into the various arms according to the aptitude of the men and the requirements of the service. The second class to become the first class of a National Guard, clothed, armed, frequently assembled, and always liable for service. The third class to be called the second class, unarmed, without uniform, but retained on muster-rolls, and liable in time of war to be drafted for vacancies in the first two classes. 2. System—divides all the contingent fit for military service. The first portion to be incorporated; the second class to form a reserve, and assembled for drill three months in each year; to be clothed, armed and equipped. The third class to be only liable, in case of war or under urgent circumstances, and till then to remain undisturbed at their ordinary occupations.

—A fine statue of Noble's to Sir John Franklin was unveiled lately near Waterloo Place, London, by Sir John Pakington. It is a statue in bronze, and by Lady Franklin and the late Sir John Franklin's friends to be erected in the great Arctic navigator. He is supposed to be in the act of just informing his admirers and crew that the North-West Passage has been discovered. He holds the telescope, chart and compasses in his hand, and over his full naval uniform wears a loose fur overcoat. The statue is eight feet four inches high.

—The Princess Dagmar was married on the 9th of November, to the Danish king, with all due splendor, the first snow of the year falling around them. The Russian dignitaries appear to have been very graciously dressed in blue and green uniforms, covered with gold lace both before and behind, and the grand ladies to have worn white silk, with long, colored trains, and diadems of colored velvet on the bodies and skirts. The bride herself, who is now no longer to be called the Princess Dagmar, but the Orthodox Grand Duchess Maria Fedorovna of All the Russias, wore a diamond crown, a brooch with a jewel in it so big that it covered all the upper part of the bodice, a robe of white moire-antique, and a train of crimson velvet trimmed with ermine, which last was carried by four chambermaids. In this costume, as she stood by the altar, she is asserted to have resembled "a rose growing in the shadow of an oak;" but that seems to be part of the poetry of journalism. It is further explained that "in her eyes alone confident the hope of future happiness." Even if we had more trust than we can feel in the piercing eye of "our own correspondent," which, no doubt, itself shone confident in the hope of future picturesqueness, we should still fear that the poor girl was sanguine, though we hope she may have as good a chance as any other queen.

—A sensation trial is going on at Antwerp, Holland. Some time since there was buried at a Roman Catholic cemetery in Essex (England), a coffin, which was said to contain the remains of a Frenchman named Vidal Douat, but which, on being opened, was found to be empty. It was then proved that Douat (who had insured his life for a large sum in a Paris office), went to England, bought a ready-made coffin, which he had lined with lead so as to be as heavy as a corpse were within, took it by train to the cemetery, represented that it contained the remains of Vidal Douat (himself), followed it to the grave, and thus obtained a certificate of interment. This certificate was presented by his wife in support of her claim to the insurance money, but suspicious being excited, inquiries were made, and Douat was eventually arrested on the Continent, and is now taking his trial at Antwerp. There are about fifty witnesses to be examined.

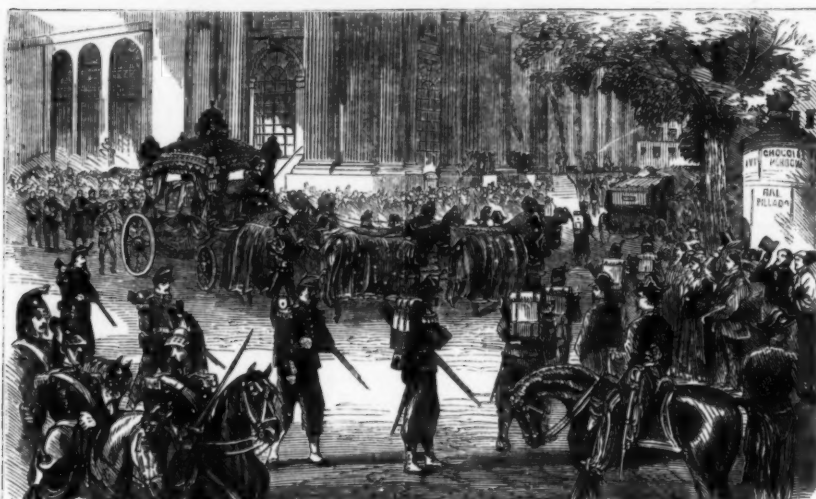
The Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.—SEE PAGE 215.



PRESIDENT TETCHIO DELIVERING TO VICTOR EMMANUEL THE OFFICIAL RETURN OF THE ELECTION ANNEXING VENETIA TO THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.



THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON REVIEWING THE IMPERIAL GUARD IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS, FRANCE.



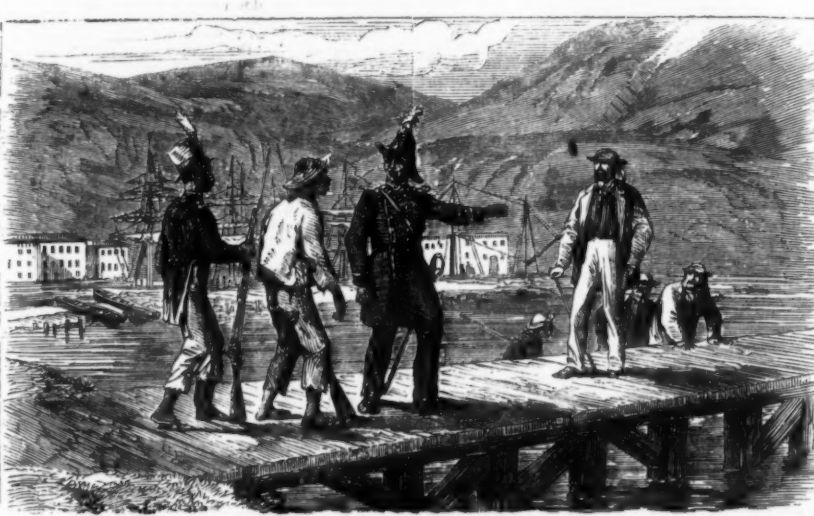
FUNERAL OF M. THOUVENAL, EX-MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS FOR FRANCE—ARRIVAL AT THE CHURCH OF ST. SULPICE, PARIS.



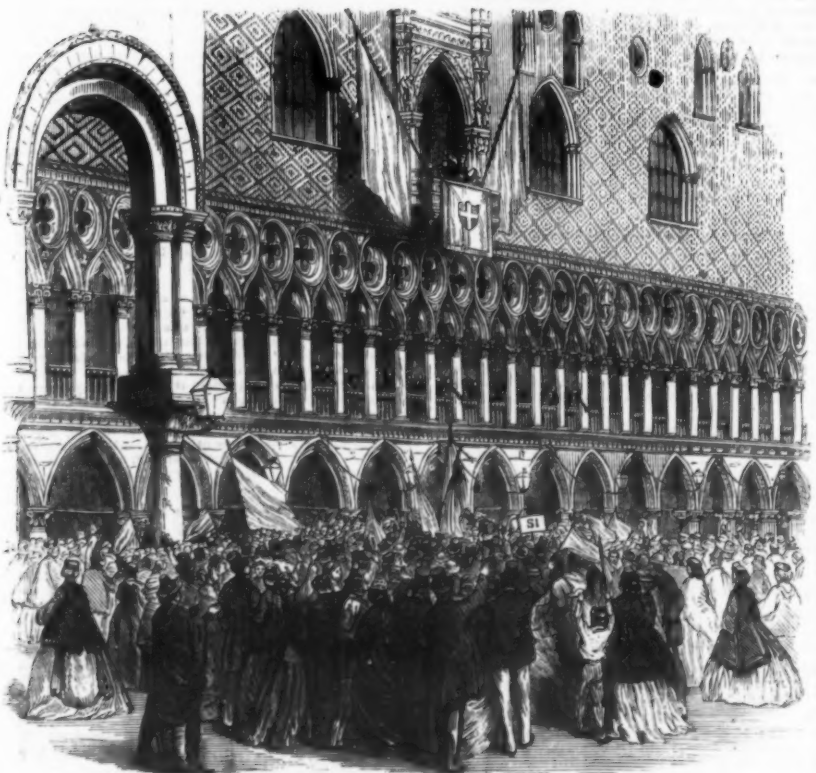
MANIFESTATION OF THE CITIZENS OF VERONA ON THE DISPLAY OF THE ITALIAN FLAG AT THE FORTRESS.



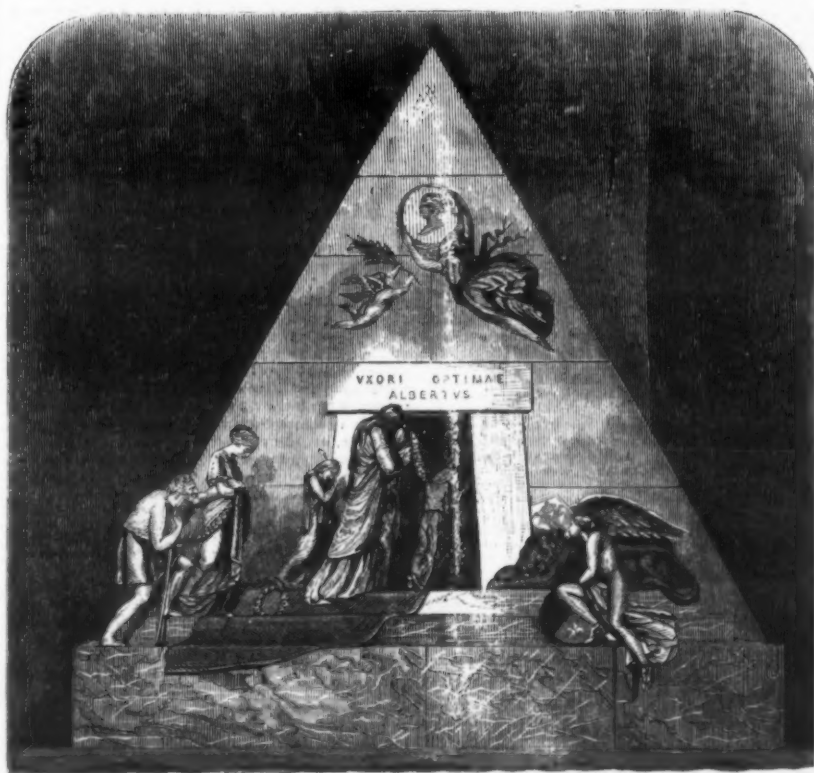
PROCESSION OF THE HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, ENGLAND.



LANDING PLACE AT JACMEL, HAYTI.



M. TETCHIO, PRESIDENT OF THE CIVIL TRIBUNAL OF VENICE, ANNOUNCING THE RESULT OF THE POPULAR VOTE.



TOMB OF MARIA CHRISTINA, ARCHDUCHESS OF AUSTRIA AND SAXE-TESCHEN,—SCULPTURED BY CANOVA.

HO E INCIDENTS AND DISCOVERIES.

THE INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

THE floating and accidental romance of every day is no less astonishing than characteristic. Our exchange papers contain more subjects for sensation stories than form the staple of all the Sylvanus Cobbs and Harry Hazletons that ever wrote. We have, therefore, made arrangements with correspondents and artists in different parts of the Union to forward us accurate sketches of any striking incident that may occur. We give in our present number the result of our labors. We hope to make this a most interesting specialty in our paper, considering that a small graphic sketch, admirably drawn and engraved, is calculated to



LYNCH LAW IN KENTUCKY—CLEM CRODUS, WILLIAM GOODE AND THOMAS STEPHENS HUNG AT NIGHT BY A MOB.

give our readers a better idea of the incident than a whole page of description.

Lynch Law in Lebanon, Ky.

One of the first citizens of Lebanon has sent us a letter containing a full account of the hanging of three criminals by a mob, composed of the most respectable persons of the town. It appears that the citizens generally had become so disgusted with the immunity given to crime, through the slowness and apathy of justice, that they resolved to take the matter into their own hands and carry out the sentence of the law without delay. Consequently, at midnight, 24th November, about seventy men, fully armed, forced their way into the jail, breaking the inner door open with sledge-hammers. There were eight prisoners confined, but the men specially obnoxious to them were Clem Crodus, aged twenty-three; William Goode, aged nineteen; and Thomas Stephens, aged thirty-eight. We will finish in the words of our correspondent: "Arriving at the summit of Greene's Hill, which was surmounted by a large black oak, with a limb about twelve feet from the ground and seventy feet in length, they held a long conversation with the prisoners, the purport of which is not known excepting to those present. Clem Crodus was then called, a handkerchief tied over his face, and hung. When the body was discovered his heels were touching the ground. The rope had cut through the flesh into the neck. William Goode was then called. The rope stretching, his feet were pulled up and tied to his hands, in which position he was found, his knees about six inches from the ground. The corpse was an awful sight to gaze upon. Last came Thomas Stephens, the oldest and only well educated one of the party. He must have suffered the most excruciating torture before death, as three ropes were around his neck. I have no comments to make. When I left Lebanon yesterday afternoon it was universally conceded that no innocent man had suffered. Several others have been threatened with the same fate."

Fight between Two Game Fowls for \$50.
Not far away in the Jerseys, there is a little village called Union Hill, which rejoices in a place called Ludlow's Hotel. It was the evening of Thanksgiving Day,



THE ATTEMPT BY A MOB TO BREAK IN THE DOOR OF THE JAIL, AT LEBANON, KY., NOV. 24.

and a number of sports and citizens of that rustic place might have been seen lounging around the bar of that tavern. Presently two folding-doors at the back were thrown partly open, and a stalwart form presented itself at the opening, and shouted, "Come, gentlemen—come out with your tin: the main is goin' to begin." The convave needed no second invitation, but poured rapidly into a room, perhaps fourteen feet square, a circular space of which, about ten feet in diameter, was occupied with a pit, such as is usually used for cock-fights. The floor of the pit was covered with carpeting. A main of cocks had been arranged by the proprietor of the hotel, in which his cock, a game fowl weighing five pounds and seven ounces, was matched against one owned by a man named Redmon, weighing an ounce more, for a stake of \$50. After about fifty persons had with difficulty crowded about the pit, the combatants were brought forth from barrels and weighed on a pair of small scales, in the centre of the pit. The weighing was eagerly viewed by the crowd. Then the handlers or "heelers" of the birds retired to separate corners, where the combatants were clipped of their beautiful



COCK FIGHTING AT UNION HILL, HUDSON CO., NEW JERSEY.

and varied plumage. Afterward the "gaffs," wicked, keen points of steel, were fastened to their legs, and two parallel lines marked in the centre of the pit. The heelers advanced, holding their birds, who darted fiercely at each other. Then they were let go, and flew together with blind fury, amid the cheers of the spectators. After a short, very short, struggle, the larger cock fell on the floor, with the gaff of the other through his neck. The victorious bird flapped his wings over the outstretched body of his opponent, from whom the life-blood was fast ebbing away.

A Man Rat-Killer.

A special correspondent gives an interesting account of a remarkable scene among the fancy in Philadelphia, which our artist has depicted with singular fidelity. As an evidence of the times, we publish it. We are indebted to him for the following graphic recital of that brutal scene, which we pub-



A MAN RAT-KILLER.

lish, in the hope that the police authorities will attend to it, as they recently did in this city to a dog-fight in Water street: It was a dark, dirty place; rough plank seats rose in tiers from the pit in the centre to the moldy, snail-tracked walls, with here and there a gas-light sticking out in a vain attempt to enliven the dreary den. The rat-pit itself was circular, about six feet in diameter, with a fence round it to keep the rats from jumping out. The bottom was covered with sawdust. The seats were soon filled, and then a bull-headed little man, dressed in fighting trim, shorts and tights, jumped into the ring and informed us that he was disappointed in the non-arrival of a celebrated dog he expected from New York, but in order that we might not lose our sport, the rats should be put into the ring and he would either match a dog of his own against them, or kill them himself, just as we pleased. The majority of the crowd seemed delighted at this, and howled out a request that he would kill them himself. A boy then brought in a large bag, and, holding it by the corners, emptied two dozen big ship rats out of it into the pit, pretty much in the style that Professor Anderson shakes out his egg bag. The unsightly animals ran round the pit for a few seconds, trying to jump over the fence, or find some



A TRAGEDY AT RAVENNA, OHIO.

other mode of escape, but failing in this they collected in big black ugly masses, with their little eyes shining like beads. The ratcatcher then jumped into the pit and knelt on one knee in the middle of it. A confederate stood outside, holding a stop watch, and all at once gave the signal to begin. Then came a horrible spectacle. Quick as lightning the man plunged his hand into the mass of rats, seized one by the back and carried it to his mouth—then a squeak and a crunch and the lifeless carcass was tossed aside with a broken neck. As soon as the rats found what was going on and that there was no escape for them, they attacked the man, climbing up on his thighs, but he was too quick to let



ACCIDENT TO A LADY IN TENNESSEE.

them get higher; he kept both hands busy and looked as if he was a magician, pulling a constant stream of dead rats from his mouth. Before as long as it has taken to tell it, the bottom of the pit was covered with dead bodies. One or two terrified survivors were caught and killed, and then, amid exclamations of delight from the audience, the man jumped up, felt his lip which had been bitten once or twice, pulled the rat hairs from between his teeth, and washed away the taste with a glass of liquor.

Tragedy at Ravenna—Murder of Mrs. Masson.

At Magadore Corners, near Ravenna, Ohio, one of the most barbarous murders was committed last week. A man, named Roof, entered the house of Mrs. Harriet Musson, where she was engaged in some household duty, while her son, a lad of six years' old, was playing by her side. Raising a revolver, the intruder fired at her twice, both of which missed—the third shot took effect. The dying woman staggered to the door and



A WATER TENDER RUN DOWN IN THE LOWER BAY, N. Y.

soon expired, to the horror of her little boy and some neighbors, who saw the last part of this terrible tragedy. After performing his fiendish work, the murderer escaped at a rear door. A reward of \$500 is offered for his apprehension. To assist the ends of justice, we give the following description of his person: He has a light complexion; light gray eyes; light hair, cut short; five feet eight or nine inches high; weight one hundred and fifty pounds; smooth face; prominent chin; good large feet; large mouth; walks very straight and with a peculiar gait; had on, when last seen, a dark blue sack coat, light pants and vest, slouched hat; is a potter by trade, and his finger-nails are worn short and thin; has a scar on the forehead, over the right eye, about half an inch long, oval shape; also has scurvy marks on the inside of one shin.

Thrilling Accident in Tennessee.

A subscriber living near Taylorsville writes: "I send you a sketch of an incident which threatened to be most disastrous to a lady much respected in this neighborhood. There was to be a meeting at a church near Taylorsville, and Miss Ellen Storey was walking leisurely with a gentleman to attend it, when all of a sudden, she being a little in advance, he saw to his astonishment and horror that she began to sink into the ground—and in less time than I take to write it she entirely disappeared. In fact, she had fallen into a cavern which proved to be nearly eighty feet deep. Fortunately, several persons were at hand, who were



HEAD OF THE MAMMOTH RECENTLY FOUND AT COHOES, N. Y.

bent on the same errand as themselves, and ropes were lowered down into the crevice, which was not much more than three feet in diameter, and after considerable labor the lady was hauled up, very much frightened, a little bruised, and with her dress considerably damaged. Fortunately, she rested on a ledge, or else nothing could have saved her.

A Water-Tender Ran Down by a Steamer.

The utter indifference shown by some of our steamers to the safety of those in smaller vessels that may happen to come in their path is matter of notoriety. We illustrate one of the last instances. On the evening of Saturday, as the William Cook, of the New York, Albany and Philadelphia line, was on her way to New York, and between Bergen Point and Staten Island, she ran down a small water-tug, of about eight tons burden, crushing it under her wheel. The first appraisal the passengers had of the affair was a terrible crushing noise on the star-board wheelhouse, under which the little yacht had been instantly dashed to pieces. The passengers rushed on deck to learn the cause of the noise, when they heard cries for help proceeding from the water. The captain of the steamer caused his vessel to be stopped, and gave orders to lower one of the boats; but so inefficient were the crew in launching the boat that nearly fourteen minutes elapsed before it was on the surface of the water, by which time the voices of the persons in the water were not heard, having evidently become exhausted and drowned. The inefficiency of the captain and crew of the steamer and the inadequacy of the apparatus for launching the life-boats were earnestly discussed among the passengers, which resulted in a general condemnation of the parties concerned. It is said that if the captain had caused his boat to be backed and a few of the life-preservers thrown overboard, there is a probability that some of the unfortunate persons in the water would have been saved.

Discovery of the Mammoth Remains at Cohoes, N. Y.

The discovery of the greater part of the skeleton of one of those enormous antediluvian monsters called



PLATE 1—RIBS, THIGH-BONES, TOOTH, AND PART OF THE SPINE OF THE MAMMOTH.

the Mammoth, at Cohoes, has caused so much discussion that we give a photograph of some of the most prominent bones of this giant of a past age. These remains were found about eighty-five feet below the surface of the earth by some workmen who were excavating for the foundation of the New Harmony Mills. We give the dimensions:

- Skull, 3 ft. 8 in. long, 1 ft. 9 in. deep; weight, 436 lbs.
- The tusks are about 5 ft. long and about 7 in. diameter at root.
- A—Rib bone (22 were found), about 4 ft. long.
- B—Upper thigh bone, 3 ft. 6 in. long.
- C—Lower thigh bone, 2 ft. 1 in. long.
- D—Tooth, 4½ in. long, 3 in. wide.
- E—Spine, part of.

SECOND PLATE.

- A—Jaw bone (lower), 32 in. long.
- B—The Pelvis, 3 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in.
- C—Shoulder blade, 31 in. long.
- D—Spine bone.
- E—A leg bone, 33 in.
- F & G—Spinal column.

DeTOQUEVILLE, in his work on America, says of the newspaper: "A newspaper can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment. A newspaper is an adviser who does not require to be sought, but who comes to you of his own accord, and talks to you briefly every day of common weal, without



PLATE 2—BONES OF THE MAMMOTH FOUND AT COHOES.

distracting your private affairs. Newspapers, therefore, become more necessary in proportion as men become more equal and individuals more to be feared. To suppose that they only serve to protect freedom would be to diminish their importance—they maintain civilization.

OF THE WORLD, BUT NOT
WORLDLY.

Some spirit of the air she seemed,
When first her form I saw—
Some fairy such as bards have dreamed
And painters striven to draw.
She stood amid the tender sheen
Of gorgeous flowers and branches green.
With golden sunshine poured between,
And half in awe,
My poor heart recognized its queen
By passion's law.

But, ah! when later, unimproved,
I clasped the darling to my breast,
And heard her sweet lips lip "beloved,"
The while her hand my cheek caressed,
She was no spirit then, I know,
But my own love, so fair and true.
Nearer my heart her form I drew,
And closer pressed.
Others may sprites and fays pursue—
Dear woman's best!

was of simple birth and state,
For she was one of high degree.
She left the wealthy and the great
To share my modest lot with me!
And now our days with bliss are rife.
She is the sunshine of my life;
The noblest friend and truest wife
On earth is she!
Far from all worldly care and strife,
How blest are we!

THE SIGNAL MAN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"HALLOA! Below there!"
When he heard a voice thus calling to him he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his hand, furling round its short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but, instead of looking up to where I stood, on the top of the steep cutting, nearly over his head, I turned myself about and looked down the line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said, for my life, what. But, I know it was remarkable enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, and so steeped in the glow of an angry sunset that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all.

"HALLOA! Below!"
From looking down the line he turned himself about again, and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him.

"Is there any path by which I can come down and speak to you?"

He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetition of my idle question. Just then there came a vague vibration in the earth and air, quick y changing into a violent pulsation, and an oncoming rush that made me start back, although it had force to draw me down. When such vapor as rose to my height from this rapid train had passed me, and was skimming away over the landscape, I looked down again, and saw him refurling the flag he had shown while the train went by.

I repeated my inquiry. After a pause, during which he seemed to regard me with fixed attention, he motioned with his rolled-up flag toward a point on my level, some two or three hundred yards distant. I called down to him, "All right!" and made for that point. There, by dint of looking closely about me, I found a rough zigzag descending path, notched out, which I followed.

The cutting was extremely deep and unusually precipitate. It was made through a clammy stone, that became oozier and wetter as I went down. For these reasons I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a singular air of reluctance, or compulsion, with which he had pointed out the path.

When I came down low enough upon the zigzag descent to see him again, I saw that he was standing between the rails, on the way by which the train had lately passed, in an attitude as if he were waiting for me to appear. He had his left hand at his chin, and that left elbow rested on his right hand, crossed over his breast. His attitude was one of such expectation and watchfulness that I stopped a moment, wondering at it.

I resumed my downward way, and, stepping out upon the level of the railroad, and drawing nearer to him, saw that he was a dark, sallow man, with a dark beard and rather heavy eyebrows. His post was in as solitary and dismal a place as ever I saw. On either side a dripping wet wall of jagged stone, excluding all view but a strip of sky; the perspective one way only a crooked prolongation of this great dungeon; the shorter perspective, in the other direction, terminating in a gloomy red light, and the gloomier entrance to a black tunnel, in whose massive architecture there was a barbarous, depressing, and forbidding air. So little sunlight ever found its way to this spot, and it had an earthy, deadly smell; and so much cold wind rushed through it that it struck chill to me, as if I had left the natural world.

Before he stirred I was near enough to him to have touched him. Not even then removing his eyes from mine, he stepped back one step and lifted his hand.

This was a lonesome post to occupy (I said), and it had riveted my attention when I looked down from yonder. A visitor was a rarity, I should suppose not an unwelcome rarity, I hoped? In me he merely saw a man who had been shut up within narrow limits all his life, and who, being at last set free, had a newly awakened

interest in these great works. To such purpose I spoke to him; but I am far from sure of the terms I used, for, besides that I am not happy in opening any conversation, there was something in the man that daunted me.

He directed a most curious look toward the red light near the tunnel's mouth, and looked all about it, as if something were missing from it, and then looked at me.

That light was part of his charge? Was it not?

He answered, in a low voice:

"Don't you know it is?"

The monstrous thought came into my mind as I perceived the fixed eyes and the saturnine face, that this was a spirit, not a man. I have speculated since whether there may have been infection in his mind.

In my turn I stepped back; but in making the action I detected in his eyes some latent fear of me. This put the monstrous thought to flight.

"You look at me," I said, forcing a smile, "as if you had a dread of me."

"I was doubtful," he returned, "whether I had seen you before."

"Where?"

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

"There?" I said.

Intently watchful of me, he replied (but without sound), "Yes."

"My good fellow, what should I do there? However, be that as it may, I never was there, you may swear."

"I think I may," he rejoined. "Yes, I am sure I may."

His manner cleared, like my own. He replied to my remarks with readiness, and in well-chosen words. Had he much to do there? Yes; that was to say, he had enough responsibility to bear; but exactness and watchfulness were what was required of him, and of actual work—manual labor—he had next to none. To change that signal, to trim those lights, and to turn this iron handle now and then, was all he had to do under that head. Regarding those many long and lonely hours of which I seemed to make so much, he could only say that the routine of his life had shaped itself into that form, and he had grown used to it. He had taught himself a language down here—if only to know it by sight, and to have formed his own crude ideas of its pronunciation, could be called learning it. He had also worked at fractions and decimals, and tried a little algebra; but he was, and had been as a boy, a poor hand at figures. Was it necessary for him, when on duty, always to remain in that channel of damp air, and could he never rise into the sunshine from between those high stone walls? Why, that depended upon times and circumstances. Under some conditions there would be less upon the line than under others, and the same held good as to certain hours of the day and night. In bright weather, he did choose occasions for getting a little above these lower shadows; but, being at all times liable to be called by his electric bell, and at such times listening for it with redoubled anxiety, the relief was less than I would suppose.

He took me into his box, where there was a fire, a desk for an official book in which he had to make certain entries, a telegraphic instrument with its dial face and needles, and the little bell of which he had spoken. On my trusting that he would excuse the remark that he had been well educated, and (I hoped I might say without offense) perhaps educated above that station, he observed that instances of slight incongruity in such-wise would rarely be found wanting among large bodies of men; that he had heard it was so in workhouses, in the police force, even in the last desperate resource, the army; and that he knew it was so, more or less, in any great railway staff. He had been, when young (if I could believe it, sitting in that hut; he scarcely could), a student of natural philosophy, and had attended lectures; but he had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. He had no complaint to offer about that. He had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another.

All that I have here condensed, he said in a quiet manner, with his grave dark regards divided between me and the fire. He threw in the word "Sir," from time to time, and especially when he referred to his youth, as though to request me to understand that he claimed to be nothing but what I found him. He was several times interrupted by the little bell, and had to read off messages, and send replies. Once he had to stand without the door and display a flag as a train passed, and make some verbal communication to the driver. In the discharge of his duties I observed him to be remarkably exact and vigilant, breaking off his discourse at a syllable, and remaining silent until what he had to do was done.

In a word, I should have set this man down as one of the safest of men to be employed in that capacity, but for the circumstance that while he was speaking to me he twice broke off with a fallen color, turned his face toward the little bell when it did not ring, opened the door of the hut (which was kept shut to exclude the unhealthy damp), and looked out toward the red light near the mouth of the tunnel. On both of those occasions he came back to the fire with the inexplicable air upon him which I had remarked, without being able to define, when we were so far asunder.

Said I, when I rose to leave him:

"You almost make me think that I have met with a contented man."

(I am afraid I must acknowledge that I said it to lead him on.)

"I believe I used to be so," he rejoined, in the low voice in which he had first spoken; "but I am troubled, sir—I am troubled."

He would have recalled the words if he could.

He had said them, however, and I took them up quickly.

"With what? What is your trouble?"

"It is very difficult to impart, sir. It is very, very difficult to speak of. If ever you make me another visit I will try to tell you."

"But I expressly intend to make you another visit. Say when shall it be?"

"I go off early in the morning, and I shall be on again at ten to-morrow night, sir."

"I will come at eleven."

He thanked me and went out of the door with me.

"I'll show my white light, sir," he said, in his peculiar low voice, "till you have found the way up. When you have found it don't call out! And when you are at the top don't call out!"

His manner seemed to make the place strike colder to me, but I said no more than "Very well."

"And when you come down to-morrow night don't call out! Let me ask you a parting question: What made you cry, 'Halloo! Below there!' to-night?"

"Heaven knows," said I. "I cried something to that effect—"

"Not to that effect, sir. Those were the very words. I know them well."

"Admit those were the very words. I said them, no doubt, because I saw you below."

"For no other reason?"

"What other reason could I possibly have?"

"You have no feeling that they were conveyed to you in any supernatural way?"

"No."

He wished me good night and held up his light. I walked by the side of the down line of rails (with a very disagreeable sensation of a train coming behind me), until I found the path. It was easier to mount than to descend, and I got back to my inn without any adventure.

Punctual to my appointment, I placed my foot on the first notch of the zigzag next night, as the distant clocks were striking eleven. He was waiting for me at the bottom, with his white light on.

"I have not called out," I said, when we came close together: "may I speak now?"

"By all means, sir."

"Good night, then, and here's my hand."

"Good night, sir, and here's mine."

With that, we walked side by side to his box, entered it, closed the door, and sat down by the fire.

"I have made up my mind, sir," he began, bending forward as soon as we were seated, and speaking in a tone but a little above a whisper, "that you shall not have to ask me twice what troubles me. I took you for some one else yesterday evening. That troubles me."

"That mistake?"

"No. That some one else."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know."

"Like me?"

"I don't know. I never saw the face. The left arm is across the face, and the right arm is waved—violently waved. This way."

I followed his action with my eyes, and it was the action of an arm gesticulating with the utmost passion and vehemence: "For God's sake, clear the way!"

"One moonlight night," said the man, "I was sitting here, when I heard a voice cry, 'Halloo! Below there!' I started up, looked from that door, and saw this some one else standing by the red light near the tunnel, waving as I just now showed you. That voice seemed hoarse with shouting, and it cried, 'Look out! Look out!' And then, again, 'Halloo! Below there! Look out!' I caught up my lamp, turned it on red, and ran toward the figure calling, 'What's wrong? What has happened? Where?' It stood just outside the blackness of the tunnel. I advanced so close upon it that I wondered at its keeping the sleeve across its eyes. I ran right up at it, and had my hand stretched out to pull the sleeve away, when it was gone."

"Into the tunnel?" said I.

"No. I ran on into the tunnel five hundred yards. I stopped and held my lamp above my head, and saw the wet stains stealing down the walls and trickling through the arch. I ran out again faster than I had run in (for I had a mortal abhorrence of the place upon me), looked all round the red light with my own red light, and I went up the iron ladder to the gallery atop of it, and I came down again and ran back here. I telegraphed both ways: 'An alarm has been given. Is anything wrong?' The answer came back, both ways: 'All well.'"

Resisting the slow touch of a frozen finger tracing out my spine, I showed him how that this figure must be a deception of his sense of sight, and how that figures, originating in disease of the delicate nerves that minister to the functions of the eye, were known to have often troubled patients, some of whom had become conscious of the nature of their affliction, and had even proved it by experiments upon themselves.

"As for an imaginary cry," said I, "do but listen for a moment to the wind in this unnatural valley, while we speak so low, and to the wild harp it makes of the telegraph wires."

That was all very well, he returned, after he had sat listening for awhile, and he ought to know something of the wind and the wires, he who so often passed long winter nights there, alone and watching. But he would beg to remark that he had not finished.

I asked his pardon, and he slowly added these words, touching my arm:

"Within six hours after the Appearance, the memorable accident on this line happened, and within ten hours the dead and wounded were brought along through the tunnel, over the spot where the figure had stood."

A disagreeable shudder crept over me, but I did my best against it. It was not to be denied, I re-

joined, that this was a remarkable coincidence, calculated deeply to impress the mind. But it was unquestionable that remarkable coincidences did continually occur, and they must be taken into account when dealing with such a subject. Though, to be sure, I must admit, I added (for I thought I saw that he was going to bring the objection to bear upon me), men of common sense did not allow much for coincidences in making the ordinary calculations of life.

He again begged to remark that he had not finished.

I again begged his pardon for being betrayed into interruptions.

"This," he said again, laying his hand upon my arm, and glancing over his shoulder with hollow eyes, "was just a year ago. Six or seven months passed, and I had recovered from the surprise and shock, when one morning, as the day was breaking, I, standing at that door, looked toward the red light, and saw the spectre again." He stopped, with a fixed look at me.

"Did it cry out?"

"No. It was silent."

"Did it wave its arm?"

"No. It leaned against the shaft of the light, with both hands before the face. Like this."

Once more, I followed his action with my eyes. It was an action of mourning. I have seen such an attitude in stone figures on tombs.

"Did you go up to it?"

"I came in and sat down, partly to collect my thoughts, partly because it had turned me faint. When I went to the door again, daylight was above me, and the ghost was gone."

"But nothing followed? Nothing came of this?"

He touched me on the arm with his forefinger twice or thrice, giving a ghastly nod each time:

"That very day, as a train came out of the tunnel, I noticed, at a carriage window on my side, what looked like a confusion of hands and heads, and something waved. I saw it just in time to signal the driver, Stop! He shut off, and put his brake on, but the train drifted past here a hundred and fifty yards or more. I ran after it, and, as I went along, heard terrible screams and cries. A beautiful young lady had died instantaneously in one of the compartments, and was brought in here, and laid down on this floor between us."

Involuntarily I pushed my chair back, as I looked from the boards at which he pointed, to himself.

"True, sir. True. Precisely as it happened, so I tell it you."

I could think of nothing to say, to any purpose, and my mouth was very dry. The wind and the wires took up the story with a long lamenting wail.

He resumed. "Now, sir, mark this, and judge how my mind is troubled. The spectre came back, a week ago. Ever since, it has been there, now and again, by fits and starts."

"At the light?"

"At the Danger-light."

"What does it seem to do?"

He repeated, if possible with increased passion and vehemence, that former gesticulation of "For God's sake clear the way!"

Then he went on. "I have no peace or rest for it. It calls to me, for many minutes together, in an agonized manner, 'Below there! Look out! Look out!' It stands waving to me. It rings my little bell—"

I caught at that. "Did it ring your bell yesterday evening when I was here, and you went to the door?"

"Twice."

"Why, see," said I, "how your imagination misleads you. My eyes were on the bell, and my ears were open to the bell, and, if I am a living man, it did not nor ring at those times. No, nor at any other time, except when it was rung in the natural course of physical things by the station communicating with you."

He shook his head. "I have never made a mistake as to that, yet, sir. I have never confused the spectre's ring with the man's. The ghost's ring is a strange vibration in the bell that it derives from nothing else, and I have not ascertained that the bell stirs to the eye. I don't wonder that you failed to hear it. But I heard it."

"And did the spectre seem to be there, when you looked out?"

"It was there."

"Both times?"

He repeated firmly: "Both times."

"Will you come to the door with me, and look for it now?"

He bit his under-lip as though he were somewhat unwilling, but arose. I opened the door, and stood on the step, while he stood in the doorway. There, was the Danger-light. There, was the dismal mouth of the tunnel. There, were the high wet stone walls of the cutting. There, were the stars above them.

"Do you see it?" I asked him, taking particular notice of his face. His eyes were prominent and strained; but not very much more so, perhaps, than my own had been when I had directed them earnestly toward the same point.

"No," he answered. "It is not there."

"Agreed," said I.

We went in again, shut the door, and resumed our seats. I was thinking how best to improve this advantage, if it might be called one, when he took up the conversation in such a matter of course way, so assuming that there could be no serious question of fact between us, that I felt myself placed in the weakest of positions.

"By this time you will fully understand, sir," he said, "that what troubles me so dreadfully, is the question: What does the spectre mean?"

I was not sure, I told him, that I did fully understand.

"What is its warning against?" he said, ruminating, with his eyes on the fire, and only by times turning them on me. "What is the danger?"

Where is the danger? There is danger overhanging, somewhere on the line. Some dreadful calamity will happen. It is not to be doubted this third time, after what has gone before. But surely this is a cruel haunting of me. What can I do?"

He pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped the drops from his heated forehead.

"If I telegraph Danger, on either side of me, or on both, I can give no reason for it," he went on, wiping the palms of his hands. "I should get into trouble, and do no good. They would think I was mad. This is the way it would work:—Message: 'Danger! Take care!' Answer: 'What? Danger? Where?' Message: 'Don't know. But for God's sake take care!' They would displace me. What else could they do?"

His pain of mind was most pitiable to see. It was the mental torture of a conscientious man, oppressed beyond endurance by an unintelligible responsibility involving life.

"When it first stood under the Danger-light," he went on, putting his dark hair back from his head, and drawing his hands outward across and across his temples in an extremity of feverish distress, "why not tell me where that accident was to happen—if it must happen? Why not tell me how it could be averted—if it could have been averted? When on its second coming it hid its face, why not tell me instead: 'She is going to die. Let them keep her at home?' If it came, on those two occasions, only to show me that its warnings were true, and so to prepare me for the third, why not warn me plainly now? And I, Lord help me! A mere poor signal-man on this solitary station! Why not go to somebody with credit to be believed, and power to act?"

When I saw him in this state, I saw that for the poor man's sake, as well as for the public safety, what I had to do for the time was, to compose his mind. Therefore, setting aside all question of reality or unreality between us, I represented to him that whoever thoroughly discharged his duty, must do well, and that at least it was his comfort that he understood his duty, though he did not understand these confounding appearances. In this effort I succeeded far better than in the attempt to reason him out of his conviction. He became calm; the occupations incidental to his post as the night advanced began to make larger demands on his attention; and I left him at two in the morning. I had offered to stay through the night, but he would not hear of it.

That I more than once looked back at the red light as I ascended the pathway, that I did not like the red light and that I should have slept but poorly if my bed had been under it, I see no reason to conceal. Nor did I like the two sequences of the accident and the dead girl. I see no reason to conceal that either.

But what ran most in my thoughts was the consideration how ought I to act, having become the recipient of this disclosure? I had proved the man to be intelligent, vigilant, pains-taking and exact; but how long might he remain so, in his state of mind? Though in a subordinate position, still he held a most important trust, and would, I (for instance) like to stake my own life on the chances of his continuing to execute it with precision?

Unable to overcome a feeling that there would be something treacherous in my communicating what he had told me to his superiors in the company, without first being plain with himself and proposing a middle course to him, I ultimately resolved to offer to accompany him (otherwise keeping his secret for the present) to the wisest medical practitioner we could hear of in those parts, and to take his opinion. A change in his time of duty would come round next night, he had apprised me, and he would be off an hour or two after sunrise, and on again soon after sunset. I had appointed to return accordingly.

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the field-path near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour back, and it would then be time to go to my signal-man's box.

Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The Danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft, a little low hut, entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

With an irresistible sense that something was wrong—with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mischief had come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did—I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

"What is the matter?" I asked the men.

"Signal-man killed this morning, sir."

"Not the man belonging to that box?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the man I know?"

"You will recognize him, sir, if you knew him," said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head and raising an end of the tarpaulin, "for his face is quite composed."

"Oh! how did this happen—now did this happen?" I asked, turning from one to another as the hut closed again.

"He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the

lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was toward her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom."

The man, who wore a rough dark dress, stepped back to his former place at the mouth of the tunnel.

"Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir," he said, "I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective glass. There was no time to check speed, and I knew him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call."

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake clear the way!'"

I started.

"Ah! it was a terrible time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes, not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use."

Without prolonging the narrative to dwell on any one of its curious circumstances more than on any other, I may, in closing it, point out the coincidence that the warning of the Engine-Driver included, not only the words which the unfortunate signal-man had repeated to me as haunting him, but also the words which I myself—not he—had attached, and that only in my own mind, to the gesticulation he had imitated.

NEW CANNON

Recently Adopted in the French Navy.

THE French Emperor is too sagacious a ruler not to see that the old system of War has been completely changed. This applies more particularly to naval armaments. The old guns are entirely useless against ironclad ships and forts, and the result is that at the present time every nation is busily engaged in improving their destructive weapons. The French artillerymen think they have found the gun they were in search of in a new cannon, of which we give a sketch, copied from *Le Monde Illustré* of Paris:

The calibre of this cannon is a diameter of 24 centimetres, it is placed on a gun carriage covered with sheet iron, like that in the sketch, and weighing about 6,000 kilograms. This movable carriage is so arranged on a frame that the recoil is paralyzed. This is effected by a breeching acting on springs on the carriage.

The breech and barrel of the cannon are connected by steel hoops.

This cannon, weighing 14,000 kilograms, is a breech-loader, and uses two kinds of projectiles: 1, a cylindrical ball of cast and hammered steel, weighing 134 kilograms, fired by 20 to 24 kilograms of powder; 2, a long shell, weighing 100 kilograms, and 93 when empty. It contains 4½ kilograms of powder, and will do execution at a distance of over 7,000 metres.

FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT

At Zanesville, Ohio.

STEAMSHIPS and railroads are now becoming as unsafe for travelers as highwaymen made the by-roads and commons some eighty years ago. We are indebted to Messrs. Stacks & Barton, the eminent photographers of Zanesville, for a most effective photograph representing a frightful accident which occurred there on the morning of the 5th December.

The Zanesville paper gives the following account of this terrible casualty: The iron bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Central Ohio Division, across the river at this place, was the scene of a frightful railroad accident, about nine o'clock this morning, whereby ten persons were more or less seriously injured, one of whom, probably fatally. The West-bound passenger-train had but a few minutes before passed safely over the bridge. Two engines followed the train over to the west side of the river, and stopped on the west end of the bridge, the Elias Fasset standing on the west pier, with her tender on the first span; the yard engine Antelope, with one car attached, was standing about one-third the distance on the same span, between the first and second piers, awaiting the nine o'clock East-bound passenger train to pass by, the bridge having a double track. The engine of the passenger-train going East stopped at the wood station, about one hundred yards west of the bridge, took on wood and water, and then passed on to the iron bridge, having a train of four passenger-cars, one baggage and one express-car.

The last three passenger cars of the train were crowded with passengers; the front passenger car had but about a dozen passengers in it and was in use as a smoking car. When the train had passed the middle of the first span of the structure, it instantly gave way, precipitating the engine, tender, baggage and express car into the river, with the front end of the first passenger car, the rear end hanging on the pier; also, the yard engine, tender and one car and the tender of the engine Elias Fasset (the engine itself remaining on the pier), fell below, into one indescribable mass of ruins. The noise of the falling trains and bridge, the hissing of the steam as the hot engines fell into the river, which, at the place of the accident has about six feet of water, made a sound which could have been heard for two miles. The news of the accident spread rapidly, and in a few minutes thousands of people were crowding the banks of the river near the scene and all anxious to render assistance. In a few minutes the persons involved in the wreck were extricated and brought ashore, and those badly injured taken into adjoining houses, where medical attention and all assistance possible was rendered them.

It seems wonderful, in view of the frightful nature of the accident; that more were not killed or wounded, as at the point where it happened it is fully twenty feet from the bridge to the water, and not less than twenty-five persons were precipitated with the wreck into the river.

The cool self-possession of the engineer of the passenger train, Mr. Patrick H. Smith, is worthy of all praise. From the time he felt the bridge giving way until his engine was in the water, he sounded the whistle for down brakes and, the order being obeyed, checked the momentum of the train and, doubtless, prevented the other cars, filled with passengers, from going into the river.

The immediate cause of the accident was the increased weight upon the bridge, which was incapable of sustaining it. There is a rule of the company prohibiting more than one engine being upon any span of the bridge at the same time. Why this rule was not obeyed is as yet unknown. The bridge is constructed upon the principle of Boelman's patent, and had been in use about ten years,

and should have been capable of bearing ten times the weight which crushed it this morning.

Trestle-work is now being made ready for a temporary track, which will be completed for the crossing of trains in about three days; until that time passengers will have to be transferred around the break.

P. S.—Mr. Jesse Hill, one of the injured, died about half-past two o'clock this afternoon.

FEARFUL COLLISION AT SEA

Between the Steadfast Scotland and the Ship Kate Dyer.

WE are every now and then called upon to record some frightful catastrophe on the sea. Scarcely has the disaster of the Evening Star faded from the public mind than a ferry-boat takes fire. The last accident is the one we illustrate to-day, the facts of which are simply these:

On the evening of the 1st Dec., as the ship Kate Dyer, Capt. Leavitt, from Galiso, laden with guano, was about ten miles from Fire Island, she was run into by the steamship Scotland of the National Steam Navigation Company's line, the captain of whom, however, charges all the blame on the pilot of the Kate Dyer. A passenger in the Scotland gives the following account of the disaster: The Scotland passed the lights at 5 P. M., and was running at the rate of eleven knots opposite Fire Island about half-past seven, and shortly after the watch made out a ship coming almost head on to the steamer. The second officer in charge of the deck ordered the helm ported and the engine reversed to clear the ship. All would have gone right had the pilot in charge of the Kate Dyer ported his helm. Instead of doing this he attempted to cross the Scotland's bow, and the ships came together with a terrific crash, which stove in the bows of the Kate Dyer and brought down her fore and mainmasts. She quickly drifted past the steamer and sunk in fifteen to twenty minutes.

The Scotland's bow was badly damaged. A large hole was stove at her water line, through which the water poured into and quickly filled the forward compartment. The engines were reversed when she struck the Dyer, but for some minutes she forged ahead. Every effort was made by Captain Hall and his officers to rescue the crew of the Kate Dyer. Boats were lowered and sent to the wreck, blue lights burned, rockets discharged, &c. One of the steamer's boats picked up seven men from the Dyer and rowed for nearly half an hour round the spot of her disappearance, hoping to rescue any that might be left.

The condition of his own ship forced Captain Hall to recall his boats and head the Scotland for Sandy Hook. She was settling down forward, and the water forcing its way through the bulkhead into the second compartment. Before she had made ten miles on her return course the leak had increased so alarmingly that it was doubtful whether she would float long enough to reach the Hook. All the boats were cleared away and prepared for the reception of her passengers. By dint of hard driving and pumping she managed to reach and pass the lights, and was beached on the middle bar at two A. M., just as the water reached her furnace fires. She now lies on the middle bar, with the water up to her stowage deck, both stoke-hole and engine-rooms being under water. Her passengers were taken off by the steam-tug William Fletcher, and brought to the city on Sunday evening. No casualty of any kind occurred to any one on board the steamer.

The Scotland is a magnificent steamship of 3,700 tons register, owned by the National Steamship Company of Liverpool. She has on board a very large cargo of cotton, grain, &c. Her position on the bar is a dangerous one, as she is fully exposed to the force of an easterly or south-easterly gale.

The following are the names of the crew of the Kate Dyer who were lost: Paul Bodie, of Antwerp, First officer; Frank Jones and Frederick Smith, boys, of Portland, Maine; William Blackwell, sail-maker, of London; Fred. Jenkin, carpenter, of Hamburg; William Rollins, steward; Wallace Cox, cook; William Harris, — Jones, Robert Baker, Robert Baber, John Quirk and Henry Johnson, seamen. Total, 13.

The Kate Dyer was a ship of 1,378 tons burden, and was built at Cape Elizabeth, in 1855, by J. Dyer. She was owned by J. W. Dyer & Co., of Portland, Me., and was surveyed at Boston, in March, 1866, when she was rated A No. 1½ at Lloyd's.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

WE give in this number a series of pictures which contain all that is really valuable and interesting to an American in the Illustrated Press of Europe. The eight engravings are equal to an entire number of one of those costly periodicals. By a peculiar process we have reduced them so as to bring them into one page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which thus represents the most important historical events of the time.

Italian Subjects.

The three illustrations we publish this week represent great scenes in the contemporary history of Italy—the incorporation of Venice with the Italian kingdom. They speak for themselves and appeal to the heart of every lover of freedom.

Review in Paris.

Our sketch gives the famous Imperial Guard, as it was lately reviewed by Louis Napoleon in the Bois de Boulogne, so famous for military spectacles and duels. This magnificent spot is a few miles from Paris, and is justly celebrated for its beautiful trees, numbers of which are centuries old. Many of our readers will recognize the accuracy of the sketch.

Improvements in London.

Next to Rome and Athens, London is one of the most irregular and hilliest of ancient cities, and with that inherent love of the past which, to a certain extent distinguishes all stable nations, the march of topographical improvement is the slowest. We pull down and rebuild New York while our torpid cousins are deliberating over widening a street or bridging a hollow. The sketch in page 212 shows the progress the English are now making in building a terrace from the end of Newgate street to the brow of Holborn Hill. The distance is nearly half a mile. The large dome to the right is the far-famed St. Paul's cathedral; the church to the left is the steeple of St. Sepulchre's church, almost immediately opposite Newgate prison; on the right is Shoe Lane, famous for being the spot where Chatterton committed suicide some ninety years ago; on the left is Ely Place, where Shakespeare has laid one of his most striking scenes, being the site of the garden of the Bishop of Ely; just above it is Hatton Garden, formerly belonging to Sir Christopher Hatton, of Queen Elizabeth's time.

Funeral of M. Thouvenel.

It has been the good fortune of the present Emperor of the French to possess able and devoted friends. He has also been his fortune to bury many of them. The three latest are: Duke de Morny, Count Baciotta and M. Thouvenel. The latter was one of the ablest diplomats of France, and held for some time the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Canova's Master-Piece—The Mausoleum of Maria Christina, Archduchess of Austria and Saxe Techen.

This monument is considered the master-piece of the great Italian sculptor. To typify the beneficence of the princess, Virtue stands at one side, in the costume of a matron crowned with flowers, attended by two maidens with funeral torches, and supporting the ends of the garlands which descend from the urn containing the ashes of the princess, which Virtue is bearing into the open tomb. Charity follows, leading a blind man, to show the good deeds of the deceased. On the other side, the winged figure reclining on the lion, to typify the valiant woman, symbolizes her husband's grief. On the Egyptian tomb itself, Felicity bears up the portrait of the princess, surrounded by the emblems of immortality while a winged figure holds the palm. The whole design and execution render it a most beautiful poem in marble.

Landing at Jasmel, Hayti.

A smile will, no doubt, pass over the face of our readers when they are told that the picture we engrave on another page represents the Government landing-place at Jasmel, or Jacquemel, a town on the south coast of Hayti, thirty miles S. W. of Port-au-Prince. The gentleman in the cocked hat is an officer in the Haytian army; the other two in uniform are his regiment.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

BARNUM'S "EGRESS."—Among other stories told by Barnum about himself, in a lecturing tour out West, is the following: He had advertised special attractions for the Irish on St. Patrick's Day, and the Museum was jammed with the Biddies and their children. They were so well pleased that he thought it advisable to point out to them the way of exit, so that others might find room to enter. The reply was: "Faith, and I'm not going out; we came to spend the day wid ya."

The wit of the showman was again tried, but he met the emergency by having a sign painted in large letters, "Egress," which he fastened over the door leading through the rear to Ann street. The trap caught them. "Egress! sure, an' that's the animal we haven't seen at all."

And such a current of Biddies started in that direction that none could return, and the Museum was soon relieved of one set of visitors, to be speedily filled with another.

A LOUISVILLE genius has invented a new and exciting game of chance, which he calls "Fly loc." It is played by any number of persons. The players' names are written near together on sheet of paper, and a small lump of sugar is laid on each. The owner of the lump on which the fly first lights loses or wins as has been first agreed on.

A PARIS art critic, wishing to damn a certain picture recently, did his worst by saying that "the visitor could easily find the picture in question by the groups of Americans who continually surround it in admiration."

An amusing error appears in the columns of a leading paper in Paris. The following paragraph, intended to have been printed separately, were by some blunder so arranged that they read consecutively: "Dr. — has been appointed head physician to the Hospital de la Charite. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the cemetery of Mount Parnasse. The works are being executed with the utmost dispatch."

A LITTLE boy being asked: "What is the chief end of man?" replied that it was "the end that's got the head on."

The doctors of Houston, Texas, recently made arrangements for a grand excursion, whereupon the old city sexton began bustling around and got ready for a visit to the country. Most of the doctors went as appointed, but the next day the old sexton was at his business, as usual, when a friend inquired why he did not make his visit.

"Well," said the old chap, "I thought I would go, but I heard that W.— and W.— and one or two more, had backed out of the excursion, and I knew it was of no use for me to try to get away."

ONE of our exchanges, in noticing the presentation of a silver cup to a contemporary, says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg or the bung of a barrel."

It is a singular fact that the man who has been most liberal to the poor of London is not an Englishman, but an American; and that the man who proposes to spend \$5,000,000 for the poor of New York is not an American, but a Scotchman.

A FASHIONABLE friend, on taking leave of a young ensign who was living in a small apartment, said: "Well, Charles, and how much longer do you intend to stop in this nutshell?" "To which he wittily replied: "Until I become a kernel."

You can hardly be too strict with regard to yourself, nor too liberal with regard to others.

"If," as the poet says, "beauty draws us with a single hair," then what—oh, tell us what—must be the effect of a modern waterfall?

It is said that during the Morgan raid in Ohio, a regiment of raw militia being drawn up before the newly-elected colonel, he ordered the advance in the following Buckeye vernacular: "Look wid that! Tote your guns! Prepare to thicken and go aways! Go afukin'-git!" and amidst such yells as w re never before heard in those "diggins," the gallant colonel dashed off in search of the "gray-backs," followed by his impatient command.

JOE and Bill Benton went to New Orleans with a flatboat of corn. Joe wrote to his father thus: "Dear Dad—Majet is dull and corn is lo and Bill is ded also."

"OLD COOPER" is a Dutchman, and, like many another man, of whatever nationality, has a wife that is "some." One day the old man got into some trouble with a neighbor, which resulted in a fight. The neighbor was getting the better of the old man, who was resisting to the best of his ability, when his wife broke out with: "Lie still, Cooper; if he kills you, I'll sue for damages!"

A MILWAUKIE young lady had her "cap set" for a rather large "feller," but failed to win him, when a confident tried to comfort her with the words: "Never mind, Mollie, there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught."

"Mollie knows that," replied her little brother; "but she wants a whale."

A GIRL baby has been born at Lagrange with two tongues. Won't her husband catch it if she lives to have one?

THE first day a little boy went to school the teacher asked him if he could spell.

"Yes, sir."

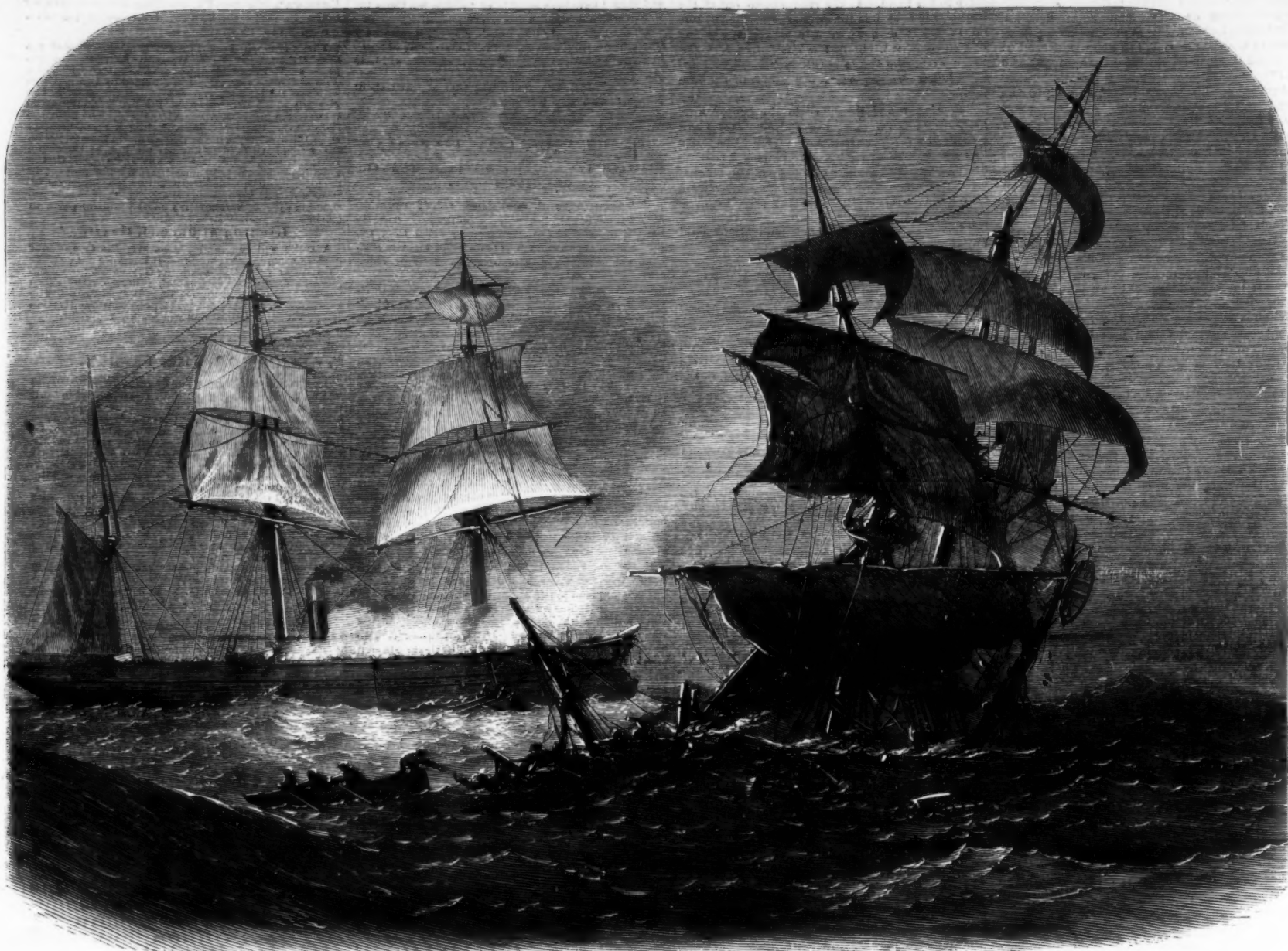
"Well, how do you spell boy?"

"Oh, just as other folks do."

HARTLEY COLERIDGE once being asked which of Wordsworth's productions he considered the prettiest, very promptly replied:

"His daughter, Dora."

An old lady who had insisted on her minister's praying for rain, had her cabbages cut up by a hailstorm, and on viewing the wreck, said she "never knew him to undertake anything without overdoing the matter."



A TERRIFIC AND FATAL COLLISION AT SEA BETWEEN THE STEAMER SCOTLAND AND THE SHIP KATE DYER, ON SATURDAY NIGHT, DEC. 1ST.—SEE PAGE 215.

THE NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE Over the Susquehanna River.

THE picture we give on another page of the splendid new railroad bridge spanning the Susquehanna from Havre de Grace to Perryville, Maryland, is one of the most costly buildings of the kind on this continent. Hitherto the trains had to be carried across in a ferry-boat, a proceeding of considerable delay and some danger. On the 26th November this primitive arrangement was superseded by the opening of the bridge, which is nearly a mile in length. A correspondent, who formed one of the party which celebrated the opening of this great undertaking, says:

"The new route to Norfolk from Philadelphia, via Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore and Delaware Railroads, was formally opened to-day. The train, with a large number of invited guests, left Wilmington at 10 o'clock A. M. to-day for Crisfield, formerly known as Somers Point, on the Chesapeake Bay, where they arrived about 4 o'clock. The party there took steamers for Norfolk, eighty-four miles distant.

"The special train from Philadelphia with 100 guests, embracing officers and owners of the road, capitalists, engineers from great cities, editors, and others, was met at Perryville at noon by a similar party from Baltimore and Washington. After an interchange of greetings, the entire party went on board the ferry-boat, and took a general distant and near view of the great bridge now connecting the North and South at Perryville and Havre de Grace, and the surprise and admiration expressed was warm and general. The whole company next entered a long train of box cars attached to one of the heaviest locomotives, and were brought over the bridge, back and forth, with perfect success. The engineers and practical bridge-builders, and railroad officers from

other lines, have thoroughly examined the great structure in all its parts, and were earnest and unanimous in their approval of the strength, beauty and perfect safety of the bridge, which has already been tested by a weight of four times that of a train of loaded cars in its entire length of three-quarters of a mile. All are loud in their praise of the decided genius shown by its Engineer, George A. Parker, and of the foresight

and courage of its originator, Samuel M. Felton, the late President of the road, who has been succeeded by Isaac Hinkley. It is a proud day for them all, and the event is of National importance. The bridge has cost fully \$1,500,000, but will be hailed as being worth even that heavy sum, though it be an enormous outlay for one structure on a road of but 100 miles in length."

THE WOUNDED BISON.

THE picture of the bison wounded by a hunter, the arrow yet sticking in its side, gives a striking idea of a noble animal at bay. The prairie-wolves have followed the trail of blood, and are waiting for the animal to fall exhausted, when they will attack and devour it. The cunning of the wolves is seen in the

cautious manner in which they follow the noble and bleeding animal, and doing all they can to conceal their approach. The agony of the wounded beast is powerfully expressed, fore shadowing his instinctive knowledge of what his fate will be when he finally falls.

A CALORIC engine, which possesses some peculiarities, has been recently invented in Germany. Its principle consists in pumping atmospheric air into an airtight furnace, for the support of the fuel, which is introduced previously, and must be, from time to time, renewed. The combustion is effected within a fireplace of refractory clay, surrounded by the closed cylinder which constitutes the furnace. The atmospheric air keeps the fuel in a state of such intense ignition that at the pressure of four atmospheres, it will fuse wrought iron, and will change cast into malleable iron; it is, at the same time, greatly expanded by the high temperature. The gaseous products of combustion, mingled with a small quantity of steam—introduced chiefly with the object of lubricating the pistons—move two pistons of peculiar construction. After doing its work, the heated air passes into the atmosphere perfectly free from smell. There is a great tendency in this engine to acquire a very high velocity, since the combustion augments in intensity in proportion to its speed.

It was calculated by Mr. Colquhoun, Member of the British Parliament, that over seven millions worth of property is stolen in London every year, and that there are three thousand professional receivers, not to speak of rogues in the pawnbroking trade.



THE WOUNDED BISON.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. J. HAYES, N. A.



THE ARREST OF "KIT BURNS" AND OTHERS, BY CAPT. THORNE, OF THE FOURTH WARD POLICE, FOR FIGHTING DOGS ON SATURDAY NIGHT, DEC. 1st.

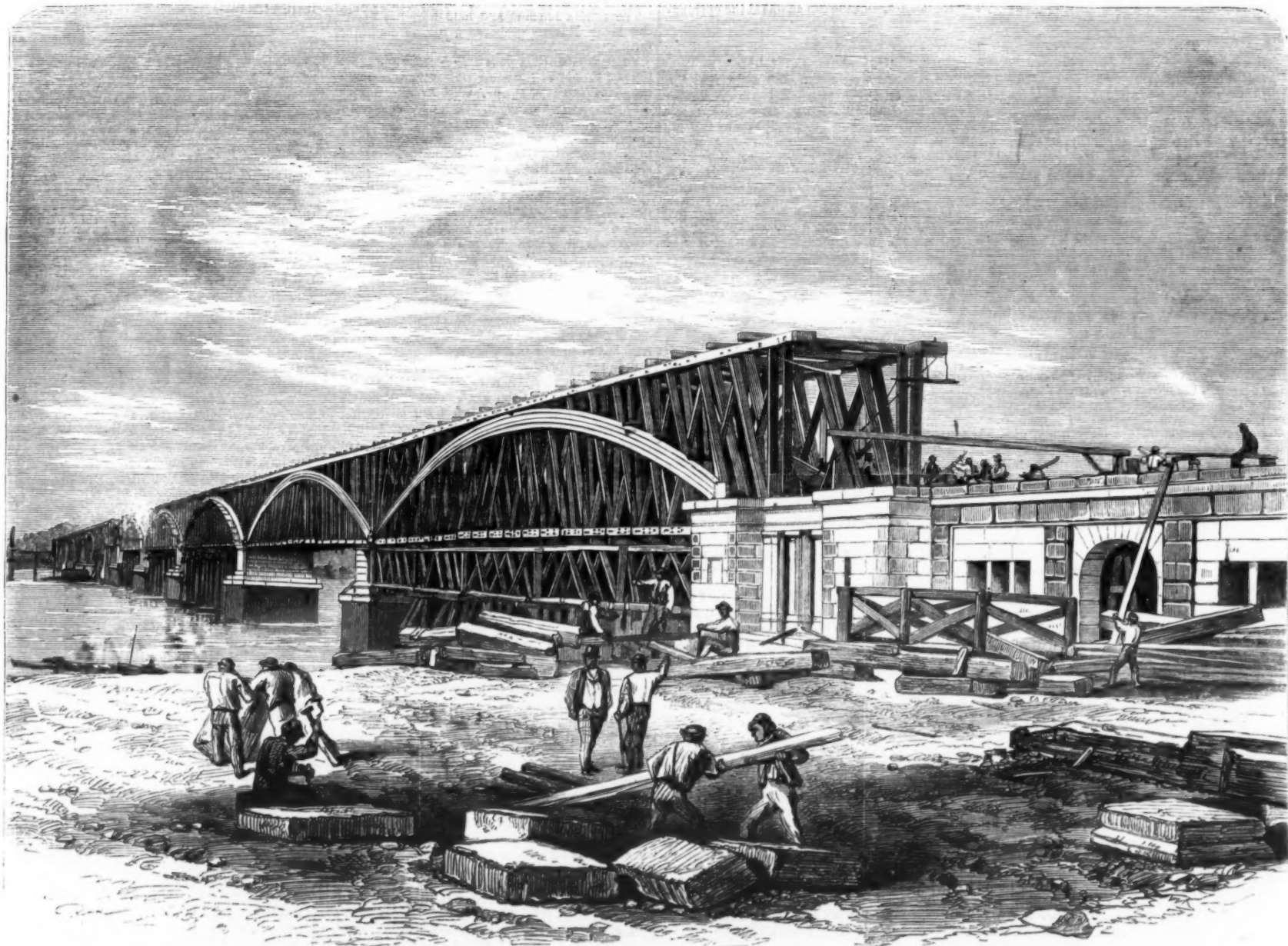
**THE ARREST OF KIT BURNS
And Others for Dog-Fighting.**

In No. 584 of our paper we gave some spirited sketches of a place in Water street, where dog-fighting formed one of the sports. Our illustrations attracted the notice of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the attention of the police author-

ities having been called to the fact, on Saturday evening, December 1st, Captain Thorne, of the Fourth Precinct with a posse of his gallant retainers, entered the sportsmen's stronghold, just as they were commencing their games, making captives of the entire party assembled in the place, including the proprietor. This distinguished band he marched off to the station-house, where they remained in durance vile till next morning, when

they were all released, except Kit Burns and another, who gave bail for their appearance to meet future proceedings. Captain Thorne has sent us the names of some of these dog muscular Christians, with their aliases: Christopher Kilbourn, *alias* Kit Burns; William Phalen, *alias* Jingles; John Lynch, *alias* Brooklyn Johnny; James Ragen, *alias* Shinee. Four other men gave their profession as prize-fighters.

A LITTLE girl was walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies. On being questioned as to the occupation of her thoughts, she replied by expressing the following conception, which is certainly very domestic, but still more poetical, and, most of all, truthful. "I was thinking," she replied, "if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the other side be?"



THE NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA, FROM HAYES DE GRACE TO FERRYVILLE, MD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHAEFER & SON, PHILADELPHIA.

LILY.

I've lost my heart a dozen times,
And sung sweet songs and written rhymes
To many a faithless maiden;
A dozen times all hope has flown,
A dozen times I've sat me down
With care and sorrow laden.

A baby-boy of seven years,
I lavish'd sighs and wasted tears
On Mary, ten years older;
Does she remember Prior Park?
The magic lantern? In the dark
I kiss'd her on the shoulder.

Again my flitting thoughts recall
The sunny slopes of Ilford Hall,
Its master stout and fussy;
The beds of strawberries, the swing,
The laughing girls who made me sing,
The merry voice of Guasy.

I wander now toward Branscombe Chine,
With blue-eyed cousin Caroline
Across the lilac heather.
I well recall the summer heat,
The breezes and the cool retreat,
And resting, yes, together.

Ah! long ago we laughed at fate,
And vowed no power could separate
Our hearts; we hoped to marry.
Stern parents said it would not do,
And soon Miss Mary said so too,
And so did Loo and Carry.

Of course I thought myself ill-used,
I fought my fight and was refused,
I'll honestly confess it.
Now chaffing friends protest I doat
On any face or petticoat,
As coarsely they express it.

Well, anyhow, the other night
I met a darling, fairy light,
Whose Christian name was Lily.
She had such eyes and was so fair,
Such rosy lips, such golden hair,
She slew me, willy nilly.

We waltz'd upon a polish'd floor,
I led her to her carriage door,
And felt quite broken-hearted.
I hop'd that we should meet again,
We bow'd, up went the window-pane,
I sigh'd, and thus we parted.

Is that her voice? "Your sister, Fan,
Is dress'd and ready; naughty man
To keep two ladies waiting."
I answer: "Waiting? what! for me?"
"Of course," she says, "we long to see
The gardens and the skating."

"Well, let us trudge across the snow,
And mind, now, when I whisper low,
Don't think me very silly.
I'll freely own, for your sweet sake,
I'd like my heart again to break,
My very charming Lily!"

LADY INEZ;

OR, THE

PASSION FLOWER.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXII.—IN THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST.

It is held by one set of philosophers that example is so great a power that no man, however weak or strong, can resist its influence—that he must be, in a certain degree, acted upon by whatever occurs about him, whether for good or evil.

Without accepting this theory to any great extent, we may urge that one cannot become attached to a human being, either by way of love or friendship, without in a measure molding oneself to the nature of the other, who, in his or her turn, yielding to the influence of the other, it results that the two natures meet, so to speak, and accept each a portion of the constitution of the other.

So with the Indian, Eagle-heart. Still an Indian—still a believer in the Great Spirit tearing angrily through the air when storm of wind or thunder shook the earth, yet imperceptibly the unknown Christianity of the Indian girl, Minahaha, had in part dissolved the hardness of his nature.

So in exact accordance with this principle, when his nature came in contact with that of Alvarez again, the natural savagery of his nature was for a time all paramount.

He had been promised Minahaha's love when the two Spaniards so wonderfully alike should have ceased to live. And he had promised to destroy them.

Alvarez once away, the amelioration in the unhappy Indian's character, worked by the example of the Indian girl's charity, and love and usefulness, again excited its sway.

This poor creature, down upon his face in the long grass of the forest—this untutored savage wavering between the lower and higher human nature (which in itself is a guarantee of the ever progressive creation of this fair world)—this almost hopeless creature, sacrificing at the altar of justice, was but another example of that struggle between the good and the evil, the better and the worse, which we all in our varying degrees endure.

Had he remained the savage he had been born he would in his savage way have been happy. He would have torn the Indian girl from her father's wigwam; he would have forced her into his, and the whole tribe would have applauded him—she, the wife perforce, finding no exit from his victory but death. This achieved, he might have passed

a free, happy, hunting, fighting life, such as that in which his people found perfect happiness.

But a glimpse of the higher life had come upon him, and, as the great road of better things is strewn with the ghastly corpses of the millions who have given the sacrifice of death as they marched, so this man, all unknowing of his work, far away in an American forest, lay prone to the ground, battling between the selfishness of the man-beast and the goodness of the man-spiritual.

His thought was but confusion. The two Spaniards were to die, or he must. In their death was liberty; in their life lay his despair.

He was fighting the great fight between greed and honesty, justice and selfishness. Suddenly, after a long, miserable time, he leapt up—upon his face comprehension.

A thought which has given consolation to the ignorance of darker ages, which bestows a peace of mind even now upon many, but one which must die out with the knowledge of coming ages—this thought gave him help.

CHANCE.
Oh! when we are battling with ourselves between the right and the wrong, when our sense of justice calls for the right and our sense of greed for the wrong, we find it too often only convenient to cast the burden of decision upon chance. And so we deceive ourselves.

Some time since a poor ignorant farm-laborer (he being an English farm-laborer), almost as uninformed as this desperate Indian, took a hatred to a kitchen-wench. Should he or should he not kill her? This was his slow agony; and he turned for relief to chance. He went out and tossed a penny. If it came down head, she was to die; if tail, to life.

Head—and he killed her.

So this poor Indian, master of sufficient conscience to do battle with the thought of murder, determined to place the end upon a chance.

He looked about him, quickly found a herb, and went his way to his hut.

Here arrived, he steeped the herb in hot water, and, letting the decoction cool, he poured it down the throat of his dog.

Then the animal, whining and quivering already, was chained to the ground.

And then once again the Indian flung himself down, warring between good and evil.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CAP'EN BLAYSER.

MANY a slip, and many a catch, many a doubt, and many a hope, before Cap'en Blaysier, very blown and very hot, found it convenient to take his rest upon a small shelf of a cornice not wider than a kitchen ledge.

"No," said the captain to himself, "if I light my dark lantern and take a look below, down I shall go to—to a certainty—ha!"

That "ha!" meant, "Why, there's a flash of light from above—one of the openings in the tower."

So up he went again.

Five minutes and the cap'en was at the opening. "Ha!" said Cap'en Blaysier.

CHAPTER XXIV.—NEXT DAY.

Now it would but be fair and right that the reader should at once learn what honorable Cap'en Blaysier said when he had scaled the front of the cathedral tower; but inasmuch as the writer, though he cannot command readers to read his writing, can take them where he likes, if readers will be good enough to hear what he has to say, why, upon this occasion, he will, and in this chapter, pass over the history of that night, and reach the next day, promising to fit in the events that took place in the church at the very earliest opportunity.

And we are now, therefore, able to remark that it is astonishing what a deep plunge we make in love if, after a first meeting, we have an entire sleepless night to get through.

St. Asaph came to the conclusion that the hours had some mysterious and malicious means of lengthening themselves on that particular night; and on the following morning he found his general appearance was not calculated to create a favorable impression.

When Harrildson saw his companion's perturbed countenance, an odd kind of smile spread over his face, but he did not rally his companion upon those evidences of a sleepless night which were easily to be remarked upon his countenance. When we have lain awake all night, tossing from side to side, we are in no humor to bear badinage.

"I suppose," says Harrildson, "you'll go early to the don's?"

"Yes," says St. Asaph; "if the señora can do anything for our fellow, the sooner we consult her the better."

And here he honestly blushed as he told himself that he was more desirous of seeing the lady for his own sake than for Fairhoe's.

As for Harrildson, he was persuading himself that yachting with a couple of fellows who are selfish enough to fall in love, and leave a third fellow completely stranded, is by no means a cheerful occupation. However, being an English gentleman, he made no complaint, but simply said:

"I've made inquiries for Blaysier, but he has not been heard of. I suppose he will turn up soon."

"Leave Blaysier to take care of himself," replied St. Asaph; "he knows his way about the world, and it is certain nobody in the city can owe him a grudge. Doubtless he has met some old friend in the city, and they have been carousing together. Are you coming?—she said I might bring you."

"What, already?"

"Yes, I think I heard something from the don about coming to breakfast—didn't you?"

"Not a word."

"Then I was mistaken, perhaps. But let us go, they will pardon us when they remember that

we wish to obtain news of Fairhoe as rapidly as possible."

So St. Asaph led the way to the house of Don Gomez, he and Harrildson leaving messages for Blaysier in the event of his return before they came back, and both halting at the police-station to make inquiries.

No. Nothing had been heard of the señor during the night, nor of the señora.

Thereupon they made the best of their way to the house of Don Gomez, and, reaching it, St. Asaph found that he was not quite so much master of himself as he had supposed himself to be.

"Welcome," she said, as the two gentlemen entered. "Uncle Gomez anticipated you would be friendly enough to take your breakfast with us. You do not look well, Señor St. Asaph. Doubtless you have worried about your friend. Let me see, what was his name? I remember yours—not his."

"Fairhoe."

"Fairhoe. And your friend here—you did not tell me his name last night at the opera-house."

"Mr. Harrildson," said St. Asaph, in that soft, sweet voice a woman loves to hear used by the man she desires shall think more of her than of any other woman in the world.

"I am so glad to see you," she replied, "and pray let us shake hands in the delightful English fashion. It is very charming, and you will pardon me if I cannot speak to you both at once. Were my cousin here—she was with me at school in England—she would save you from being embarrassed by my rapid talking. She returns from New York to-day or to-morrow. Pray sit down, señors, and I will see where Señor Gomez—Uncle Gomez—has hidden himself. Doubtless, he is taking quite an early cigarette on the terrace."

Here she left the room. She was as different from an English girl as possible. She was self-confident and cool to an almost astonishing degree, and yet the two Englishmen found her quite irresistible, the fact being that the control woman can exercise, if she thinks fit, over man, is totally independent of country, language, or place.

"What a stunning girl," says Harrildson, in a low voice, when she had quitted the room.

"I think she is more beautiful by day than by night," St. Asaph replied. "She looks so good in the sunlight."

"And she seemed pleased to see you," Harrildson replied.

"Did she?" was the eager response.

A few moments passed in silence. They were happy moments as far as St. Asaph was concerned, and then he started as she came into the room, leading the rough old uncle by one ear. The old fellow was submitting to this undignified operation with all possible gravity.

"Señors," she cried, as she came in, "he was positively commencing his second cigarette." "Carat!" cries the old captain, "my tobacco is the only thing I am master of here, señors. So my little girl was right; she said you would come to breakfast, and behold, here you are."

The señors blushed and held down their heads, she being scarcely prepared for these domestic revelations.

"Let us talk about your dear friend," she said, hurriedly, and at the same time superintending the management of the breakfast table.

St. Asaph, for a moment, hesitated. Positively in love, this calm, cool audacity on her part abashed him. He was more desperately devoted to her every succeeding moment, but her mode of addressing him was an experience quite beyond him.

"Sit down, pray," she said, turning frankly to the two visitors. "Uncle Gomez, you have forgotten that visitors want chairs when taking breakfasts at tables. There's a dear attentive old don—Señor St. Asaph, you will be in the sun in five minutes if you sit there. Señor Harrildson, here is a cushion for your feet."

"You perceive, señors," said Don Gomez, a benevolent smile passing over his face, "my little one is master here, and whoever comes under the roof has to submit to her orders."

"And now, señors," the bright-eyed Dolores continued, as she began pouring chocolate, "I beg and entreat that you will not set me down as hard-hearted because I have been chattering heartlessly for the last five minutes, and while you must both be pre-occupied with thoughts of your friend; I have been thinking very much of the whole particulars as I heard them from you, Mr. St. Asaph, and I am convinced that your friend is in greater safety than he was while with you."

"Señors," cried the two friends.

"Convinced," she replied. "Two attempts were made upon his life while with you, and I am quite sure that he has been saved from a third attempt. The Lady Passion-Flower and he also have been saved from a danger which equally threatened both; and I am certain that within the cathedral walls they met a friend, who has saved them from a determined enemy."

"But if a friend has been good to Fairhoe," urged Harrildson, "he might have communicated to us news of his safety."

"Quite true," she replied, "but remember that the watchful enemy, powerless at the church door, might have intercepted a message past that threshold. Pray be easy in your minds. I am convinced the day will not pass without hearing news from your friend; he is silent for some wise end."

"And where, lady, do you think he is?"

"In the cathedral, and being taken care of. The canon is a delightful gentleman, and when the breakfast belongs to things of the past, I will be good enough to question him."

"But why was the hat found at the foot of the tower?"

"The señors raised her shoulders.

"I confess," she said, "that this fact puzzles me, but I may remark that it must have been thrown from a height, and if there had been a

struggle in the church, would your friend have been able to keep possession of his hat?"

St. Asaph and Harrildson started, and gazed at each other in astonishment—there was so much argument in her charming words.

She laughed, lightly.

"I see I have convinced you," she said, "and I am quite contented. Mr. St. Asaph, you are eating nothing; Uncle Gomez, you may have some more grapes—one bunch."

And so this dark-eyed fairy continued to talk, and help her guests, and make half an hour pass so rapidly that St. Asaph's new wonder turned upon the rapidity with which time slid away.

It was as she was dismissing them that she might call upon the canon of the cathedral, to whom she had referred, and question him with as much ease as though he were a second Uncle Gomez—it was as St. Asaph turned away, he said:

"Our gratitude can never repay your goodness, and if the devotion of my whole lifetime will—"

"Señor—señor," she cried, in an expostulatory voice, but her eyes met his as she spoke, and their expression was kinder than her words, "pray make no rash promises until you have seen cousin Sabel, who returns to-day, and whom you may speak to when you return to hear the news I shall have to tell you. Adios—I am sure your friend is in safety. Señor Harrildson, you may take your friend away."

But when this audacious, rattling, dark-eyed little woman reached her room, suddenly she hid her face in her hands, as though fearful the very walls should see her blushes, and she thought, "This man is not indifferent to me. I—"

Then she would confess no more, even to herself.

CHAPTER XXV.—EAGLE-HEART'S "CHANCE."

THE unhappy Indian, Eagle-heart, had given his humanity one chance. He did not inexorably decide that both the Spaniards, Don Gracios and his friend, should die, but he placed their fate upon a hazard.

Whatever the messages fully meant carried by Don Gracios across the desert, it is certain that one of the chief objects of the expedition was the discovery and working of the silver mine, the attack upon which had already been explained.

The land upon which the mine had been discovered was undeniably the property of the chiefs of the Indian tribe, of which Eagle-heart made one.

By the hour when Don Alvarez sorely tempted Eagle-heart, there had been a treaty entered into between this chief and the Spaniards, by virtue of which Gracios knew that his fortune was assured, and certain to be realized at an early date. The only fear calling for much anxiety was that the Mexican Government should make an illegal but successful claim against the working.

Upon the morning following the night when Eagle-heart drugged his dog, the entire encampment was eagerly mining.

By this time something like a regular system of work had been established, and the whole tribe were looking forward to a time not far distant when every man would own his heap of gold, the result of the sales of the silver obtained from the new mine.

Eagle-heart, alone of all the tribe, refrained from working. He could not work.

There are times when the civilized educated man, oppressed with mental anxiety, is quite unable to resist the inability to employ himself. It is not wonderful therefore that at such times an untutored man, and a savage, should be unable to overcome his misery by hard work.

The unhappy man skulked in the shade, hid in mountain shadow, wearying of life, and yearningly looking even after a couple of poor moths, fluttering and circling companionably in the sunlight.

Her love—their death.

This was his worst thought.

And it was ameliorated by the determination to let chance, not himself, decide their fate.

The dog, being drugged and chained to the ground, his fore legs were bound together with dried grass, a similar process was used toward the hind legs, and then the wretched animal's jaws were fixed after a like fashion.

The wretched animal after the manner of brute beasts showed a presentiment of its danger in the plaintive, low, heart-rending cries.

The miserable man, watching the dog through that horrible night, wept many passionate tears as the changes passed over the devoted animal. Gradually the dog's pleading eyes, full of love for its selfish master, changed their expression. Love, then fright, then despair, followed by doubt, then madness.

This was the history of the wretched dog's sight during the blank hours of the darkness.

The dog had been sent mad by the herb given to it, and all living things were now equally its enemies, its master's foes, his friends, himself.

When the day was come, when the sounds of pick and hammer were heard, the Indian crept from his solitary hut, built far away from the encampment, and, keeping in the shade, he crawled noiselessly for some distance.

At last a glancing of the eyes. Follow their glance, and sight fell upon Don Gracios, far away from the encampment, testing the rock in a desolate and walled-in spot.

The Indian nodded his head gravely, turned, crept in the shadow once again, and so came to where he had left the dog. Unchaining the creature—and its anger was shown in every twitch of its body—he carried it, still grass-bound at the feet and about the jaws, away in the direction whence he came.

Arrived again in Don Gracios's neighborhood, and still keeping in the shadow, he perched himself upon a jagged boulder, about six feet from the ground, and taking out his hunting-knife, he loosed the dog's hind legs. He did the same act of freedom in relation to the fore legs.

The dog evidently so far unaware of its liberty

was now only bound about the jaws. The Indian trembled as he set to work passing the grass cords that had bound the legs under the ligature that fixed the jaws.

This operation safely accomplished, the Indian, perspiration falling from his forehead, lowered the creature, which was now trembling horribly, over the edge of the boulder, held the dog with one hand, the grass cord with the other.

Suddenly he let the creature go, and the jerk removed the cords from the jaws.

The dog was free—mad, and already lashing itself into a fury.

The Indian, who had taken all these precautions to save himself, now watched the creature's manoeuvres from the safe eminence upon which he was placed.

From the dog he looked toward Don Gracioso—from the don back again to the animal.

This, then, was the ordeal by which he was to judge whether fate decided the don was to live or die.

If he escaped the mad dog's fangs, life; if he was bitten, the most terrible of deaths would naturally follow, and the second don must fall by the Indian's hand.

Suddenly the dog marked Don Gracioso in the distance, and, with a cry, rushed toward him. The cry, an unearthly warning of danger, attracted Gracioso's attention. He looked up to see the dog, with frothed mouth, beating toward him.

Leaving camp that morning, he had listlessly taken up a hunting-spear; arrived at the spot at which he intended and made investigations in reference to the amount of silver the hillside would probably produce, he asked himself why on earth he had encumbered himself with this weapon.

It stood against the rock.

As the dog swept toward him, the spear was in his firm right hand—as the dog stooped to leap at his throat, its point was in the poor creature's brain.

"Saved!" cried the Indian, falling upon his face. "The Great Spirit declares that he must live!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE SHORTEST SURELY EVER WRITTEN.

THE sight that met the wide-opened eyes of Cap'n Blayser after reaching the opening, by way of which a flash of light had come, was this—Fairhoe and the Lady Passion-Flower seated face to face, both calm, one of them speaking.

"Ha!" said Cap'n Blayser.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE LADY PASSION-FLOWER.

"AHoy!" said Captain Blayser, looking in at the opening in the side of the tower of the cathedral, and hailing in that tone of voice which he would have used had his eyes been upon a big craft coming down upon the yacht.

To confess the truth, it was rather an alarming salute, and yet, so utter is the force of habit, that, as the Lady Passion-Flower started and screamed, Fairhoe leaped up and returned the hail.

"Ahoy!"

"Mr. Fairhoe," says Cap'n Blayser, staring in at the opening, which, only partly shaded by a screen, had permitted some rays of light to stream out—those which lit Captain Blayser on his way—"Mr. Fairhoe," says he, staring with all his eyes at his superior.

His face was very red, and he was holding on by a couple of stone saints and a leaden water-pipe.

"Blayser—Blayser himself," cried Fairhoe; and more alive to the horrible danger in which the captain was placed than that mariner himself had any idea of, he seized the gentleman with the air of taking him into custody instant.

Perhaps, upon the whole, the mariner was by no means regretful that once more he could feel quite safe; and, being pulled through the window, he, giving a final plunge, which sent off for ever the crook the stone saint held in his right hand—for when in the flesh he had been in the bishop's pine of business—Captain Blayser landed upon the floor, saying:

"Lord, let us be truly thankful—how d'ye do, mum?"

"Do not be afraid, Inez," said Fairhoe; "this is the captain of our yacht."

"Our yacht, Inez," thought the captain, and he made up his mouth for a whistle. But suddenly coming to the conclusion that perhaps whistling, under all the circumstances of the case, would scarcely be respectful before a Mexican, and Blayser mixed all Mexicans up with knives in the most distinct matter-of-fact way, why he thought better of it, and saluted as cordially as a gentleman could when his elbows and knees are smarting with the raspings of sixty or seventy feet of stone-work.

"I am so glad to see you, captain," said the lady, speaking in charming English.

The captain was again making up his mind to whistle, but again he thought better of it, and converted his mouth into a smile.

"English," thinks he, and thinks better of the lady—but his impression still is that she is "rummy," and indeed to find a young lady in the company of a young gentleman in a lone room at the top of a church-tower, is, to say the least of it, somewhat awkward.

"I wonder," thinks the captain—"I wonder whether I could have the cheek to introduce her to my old mother, if my old mother was here; and I wonder whether that same would knock me down thereupon with one of her rough weather looks?"

But Captain Blayser was soon set right; in fact from that particular evening in question he was devoted to surprises of an extraordinary nature.

"This lady is to be my wife, Blayser."

Once again Blayser made up his mind to whistle, which is always a sailor's way of blowing off amazement, but he was put to the rout by the expression of the lady's face.

You do not, reader, require experience to com-

prehend the expression of honesty upon a woman's face. It asserts itself. Captain Blayser, apart from his old mother, as he called her, had occupied himself very little with women, looking upon them generally as gunpowder and rockets, for the fact is, he had been jilted once upon a time; but he knew good from bad, and he saw good upon the lady's face. As the word wife was used by Fairhoe, and as he made that honest bow with which a gentleman, whether bred one or not, makes an acknowledgment of a woman's honor, he thought:

"If my old mother wouldn't stand it and tried to knock me off with a look, I think I should try to knock her down with another."

"Sit down, captain," said the lady; "there is room for three here."

"Blayser, are you mad?" asked Fairhoe.

"Not if I know it, sir."

"Then, what on earth induced you to climb up the face of the cathedral?"

"Sir," says Captain Blayser, "my old mother used to say, 'as the mountain won't come to you, why you must go to the mountain,' and I mounted. Upon the whole, I do not know that it was much more of a job than getting to the mast-head. You see the only hitch was the want of ropes—a mariner does so like a rope—which he then feels as safe as a gull."

"Is it possible," cried the lady, "that you, captain, have climbed up the church-tower?"

"Lor, mum, and I'll climb to the belfry to do you honor."

She turned very pale at the mere contemplation of the danger he had escaped, and this sympathy went to the captain's heart so directly that it stuck there, and from that moment the crotchety old mariner was hers devotedly.

"But, Blayser, what on earth brings you up to Mexico?"

"Sharks, captain."

"Bosh! We have no sharks here."

"I'll give you the log bimeby, captain, but this is enough for now. The yacht is all right, and that boy still squints beautifully. He's cap'n of the Grace at this present, helped by the harbor police, and an awful sharp eye that there will keep on that there craft—Amen."

"Then has the yacht been in danger?"

Cap'n Blayser lifted up his voice, and told the story of the attempted scuttling with tremendous action.

As he spoke, the Lady Passion-Flower once spoke:

"Alvarez."

That was all she said, and it was enough.

In a moment, as she spoke, and as her eyes and Fairhoe's met, they both comprehended that the attempt upon the yacht was part of the conspiracy against both the one and the other.

The captain fetching himself to with a sudden full stop, there was a silence of some moments, which was broken by Fairhoe saying:

"But, Blayser, I want to know how it was that you made so lucky a guess as to where we were?" and by this time he had let his arm creep round the lady's waist, and "we" formed quite a delightful picture.

"Lucky a guess, Captain Fairhoe! Bosh! Look here: You was missed in the church—only one door out of the church—you was watched—and neither you nor the lady came over that there threshold. Says I—when I heard the tale—in the church. And when I heard about the hat and glove—says I—a top o' the church; and why? Simply enough. I took an observation of the spot where the hat was found, and hearing that bodies fall in straight lines, even the bodies of hats, I carried a bee-line up, and hailed this here very opening, through which, captain, you pulled me in, for all the world like a tooth out. Here I am."

"I did wrong to throw the hat out," said Fairhoe, "but I did it as a kind of intimation that all was right."

"It were," said the captain, screwing up his mouth, as he looked at the charming tableau before him.

"I am afraid I frightened Harrildson and St. Asaph."

"Well, captain, I've told you my tale; may I put the observation, how on earth do you and the lady—my salutations, miss!—come to be here?"

"The simplest matter in the world, Blayser; like all mysteries, this one melts away when the light of explanation is thrown upon it."

"From what you have heard, you know that by the direction of my dear lady here (the mariner once more saluted), I met her in the church at vesper time. While prayers were continuing, a church attendant, an acolyte, passing me, placed a paper in my hand."

"Not comprehending the intention of this act, and he had passed the paper to me with much rapid caution, I opened the paper under shelter of my hat, and read these words: 'Danger—remain in the church; here you are safe.'"

"The acolyte had also passed my lady here, and, looking up, I saw her eyes fixed upon what appeared to be her prayer-book; but the agitation upon her face, her trembling hands, told me that she also had probably received a message similar to the one I had received."

"It was so, and we both trusted the writer. We remained kneeling while the people passed from the church. When only one or two remained, the same acolyte, rapidly passing me, said: 'Pass the pillars, and slip into one of the confessional boxes.'"

"I obeyed blindly, and remained in the dark recess, watching through the grating, by which means I still was enabled to see what was going on in the church."

"The Lady Passion-Flower was nowhere to be seen. I at once inferred that she was the occupant of a second confessional box."

"I was right in my surmise; and now the acolyte—and as he did so the last people were passing from the church—opened a side-door in the building, on the north, and from the trouble he experienced in removing the rusty bolts, I came to the conclusion that it was rarely opened."

"The last rays of light came through the door as it was opened."

"I know the door," here said Captain Blayser; "I spotted it when I rounded the cathedral not an hour past; a villainous little door, with a portico like a thief's eyebrow, and opening in a back street, or rather alley, reminding an honest man that it would be well to look to himself and pockets."

"True," replied Fairhoe. "But do not run down the north door, for it saved us—at all events, me. I doubt if I should be alive now to tell the tale if that door had not been opened."

"The last people left the church, and the sacristan moved toward the west door."

"As he did so, a shadow fell upon the threshold, and a man entered, an Indian, who walked rapidly up the church, quickly espied the priest who had been officiating, and who, by this time having disrobed, was moving in our direction."

"From my grating I could see all that was to be seen, and I soon saw enough."

"The priest and Indian, or rather the priest and the Spanish scamp in Indian costume, met almost immediately before my place of concealment, and therefore I had an opportunity of hearing all that was said."

"What I saw interested me most."

"As the Spaniard began to speak more shadows fell across the western threshold, and from this quarter the most light coming, I was enabled to mark three or four desperadoes, who glanced eagerly over the church. Each scamp had a knife in his girdle. Their leader had one in his hand."

"From what occurred I have not the least doubt that an enemy, Alvarez by name, tired of endeavoring to exterminate me by means which would not be followed by an inquiry, had desperately determined to assassinate me in the ordinary Mexican way, by the hire of half-a-dozen braves."

"The following conversation took place between the priest, who spoke very calmly, and the Spaniard, who assumed to be addressing an inferior:

"Where is the woman?" he asked.

"What woman?"

"She who confesses to you, and who is known to the people as Passion-Flower."

"I have nothing to do with the lady's movements."

"You have—or should have."

"How so?"

"Because it is my will."

"I have nothing more to say, señor," replied the priest.

"You have—much. She came here to-night, as I know."

"She came here?"

"And the Englishman followed her?"

"And an Englishman followed her—if you say so."

"You lie—You know the man Fairhoe followed."

"I confess," here Fairhoe interjected, "I confess that my blood tingled to be at the false Indian, who spoke to the old man as I would not speak to a mangy cur."

"As you will—Fairhoe followed."

"Where are they?"

"Watched over by heaven somewhere, I trust—for your watchfulness bodes them no good."

"That sounds like revolt, sir priest."

"You have the liberty, sir, to interpret words. You are your own master."

"And yours."

"And mine."

"The calmness of the old priest was magnificent."

"You are disobedient."

"I will show you that I am obedient, by admitting that I have disobeyed."

"And you know the penalty of disobedience?"

"I know the penalty."

"Death!"

"Death," the priest echoed.

"You are brave, sir priest."

"Why should I tremble?"

"Still, death has its terrors."

"For some—I do not fear to die. I am not sinless, but I have, I know, worked well—I pray heaven bear me kindness, if after all my peaceful life I go hence not peacefully. I know you have the power to destroy me, and I know you can justify that act—but in the end between us there shall be one Judge before whom you are powerless."

"Enough—where are these people?"

"I have told you."

"Again you lie."

"I have said doubtless they are in heaven's care. I say now I am sure they are protected. I see your braves at the door—and I know you to be implacable. I have tarried here speaking with you that they might gain time—look there!"

"And he pointed to the door on the north."

"Perdition!" cried the Indian, "who opened that means of exit?"

"Not I; I am too weak. The sacristan, by my orders."

"And at this moment the sacristan came up, and said:

"Sir, shall the north door be closed?"

"With a savage cry the Indian rushed toward the door. And at this moment all was nearly lost. Again I owed all to the good father."

"As the scoundrel leaped toward the door, followed by his myrmidons, he struck at the feeble, aged priest."

"To endure this act calmly was to be unmanly. I leapt at the door, and in another moment I should have been discovered, when of course nothing could have saved my life—I should have been slain in the church. But the good man was prepared for my interference, he doing me the honor to believe me a little brave, and he flung himself against the door, so that to force my way out I must have injured him."

"My strength faltered, and in that moment the church was clear of the assassins, they having made their exit by the north door."

"Quick—quick," said the priest.

"And the sacristan comprehending, in a moment the door was bolted."

The great west door was also abruptly closed.

"Saved!" cried the father.

"And finding the door released, I came out to see the good man who had saved us, even at the risk of his own life, kneeling on the bare stones and praying heavily."

"But my attention was soon directed from him, as I heard my dear lady here utter a weak cry for help and then fall forward senseless from her place of concealment."

"You guess the rest, captain; the good priest, perceiving that the Spaniard was implacable (by what means or how not yet learned), and aware that my life had been attempted because of my love for this lady, determined to save us by imprisonment here in the tower until we could safely escape from the city—a true which he hoped would arrive in a day or so, and when he had thrown the assassins off our track."

"He made but one stipulation, that in the very interests of our safety I should not communicate with my friends, the father well knowing that they would be watched, and every movement on his part accounted for."

"I much regret throwing down the hat; the act could achieve no good, and has been productive of harm."

"You guess all the rest, do you not?"

The captain looked at the lady and again saluted.

"Let me finish the history," she said. "Here, imprisoned together, it was impossible that I should long be ignorant of his love for me, and he being an Englishman and having shown many marks of devotion toward me, when tremblingly he asked me to be his wife I hid my face almost in terror, and this he took for my answer."

And here a strange frightened look came upon her face. It was the expression which takes possession of an honest countenance whose owner has quite inadvertently fallen into a false position, and has not the moral courage to set herself right.

Honest she was beyond a doubt; but when she spoke of her acceptance of the Englishman by silence, there was a tone in her voice which might have suggested to a more acute mind than that possessed by either Fairhoe or Blayser that this admission had been the result rather of affright than intention.

As she ceased speaking, Fairhoe stooped, and kissed her, not at all impeded by the presence of the captain, who looked on at this performance with an air of learning and knowledge which was most preposterous.

"Well, captain," said Fairhoe, "what do you say to that?"

"Fair wind, captain—fair wind and tide."

"We shall leave Mexico at once, shall we not, Inez?"

"Leave Mexico?" cried the captain, not waiting for the lady Inez's answer, and, indeed, she scarcely had one to make. "Leave Mexico! Allelujah! But, I say, captain, won't the blessed father be rather surprised when he finds he has a third prisoner?"

"But he will give him a welcome, I am certain."

The captain uttered another salute.

"Mr. Fairhoe," said he, "the hour as we weighs anchor and clears out of this bloodthirsty hole, I do think I shall faint, under which circumstances bring me to with a pail of water, and let it be salt."

And now there were evident signs of trepidation upon Lady Inez's face.

Her pretty hand passing tenderly over the buttons and fringe of Fairhoe's Spanish jacket, she said, in a low voice:

"I have my tale to tell, and the sooner it is known the better it will be for all of us."

"My darling," said Fairhoe, gayly, as a remonstrance against the dismal tone in which she uttered these words.

"Let me tell all," she continued.

And so speaking, she moved a little away from Fairhoe's side.

"I do not know who were my father and mother. I do not even know that the two men whom I call my brothers are or are not of my blood. The first thing I can recollect is being in a French nursery, where I was called little Sister Providence. It was not until I was fourteen that I learned that throughout those many years I had been cared for, and the expenses of my education paid for, by a gentleman, a Spaniard, who called himself Don José. He was then about fifty, the superiors of the convent told me, adding the further information that it was his impression I should recognize in him a father."

"To this day I am unable to tell whether the lady abbess simply intended that I should understand only that he had acted a father's part to me, or that I should accept the words as meaning that he was my natural father."

"Unfortunately for me, I construed her words after this tenderer fashion, and I regarded him with all the feelings of a daughter."

"Judge, then, of my distress when, after having held by this belief for two whole years, my dream was suddenly destroyed."

"One day I was called into the parlor of the convent, and there he sat—he whom I thought was my father."

"Even now I can hardly recall the discovery without shuddering. I—"

"Captain," here said Blayser, whose sharp ears were toward the door opening from the tower staircase into the small chamber where they were seated—"Captain, saw some one on the stairs—certain."

It appears by official statistics that the number of marriages in Ohio for the year ending July 1, 1866, is full twenty per cent. above that of any one year either before or during the war. Probably there has been a similar increase in other States; and if so, the waste of life by the war is likely to be made up.



QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, WIFE OF CHARLES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND, DOING PENANCE AT TYBURN.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA DOING PENANCE AT TYBURN.

In the British Museum there is a German print of great rarity representing the Queen of Charles the First of England doing penance beneath the triangular gallows at Tyburn.

As every student of history knows, Henrietta Maria was a Roman Catholic, although her husband was a Protestant; she consequently had her own religious attendants, who made her perform various penances. A Harleian MS. thus gives the particulars of the strange scene we have illustrated: "Henrietta's clergy were the most superstitious, turbulent, and Jesuitical priests that could be found in all France. Among their 'insolencies toward the Queens,' it is recorded that her Majesty was once sentenced by her confessor to make a pilgrimage to Tyburn, and there to do homage to the saintship of some recently-arrived Roman Catholics. 'No longer ago than upon St. James's, his day last, those hypocritical dogges made the pore Queene to walk afoot (some sidd barefoot) from her house at St. James's, to the gallows at Tyborne, thereby to honor the saint of the day, in visiting that holy place, where so many martyrs (forsooth!) had shed their blood in defense of the Catholic cause. Had they not also been made to dabble in the dirt in a fow morning fro' Somerset House to St. James's, her Luciferian Confessor riding along by her in his coach! Yes, they made her go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of tryne (treen or wooden) dishes, to wait at table, and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances. It is hoped, after they are gone, the Queene will, by degrees, finde the sweetness of liberty in being exempt from those beggarly rudiments of Popish penance.'"

A DANCE

Among the Ticunas.

The Ticunas are a tribe now fast dwindling away, and numbering less than two hundred souls, but they were once the object of earnest contention between the crowns of Spain and Portugal, or rather between the earnest missionaries of those countries. They were then on the Amazon, between the Ambicu and Atacuari. Many of their customs are very strange; one is to receive a stranger at the point of the bayonet; but, disregarding this apparently hostile attitude, he is not to play Winklerud, but simply put the bristling arms aside and enter a hut, and there turn into the most convenient hammock. The rest will soon fill up; and while all are going like some great machinery, he can at leisure tell who he is and whence he cometh. Marcy depicts one of the strange dances in use among this people,



THE DANCE OF THE TICUNAS, SOUTH AMERICA.

and we lay it before our readers. Clothing is never superfluous, but on the occasion of these dances, evidently religious in their origin and connected with pagan rites, the Ticunas assume a dress large enough to cover the body, although, like dances in civilized lands, there is a weakness for displaying a considerable portion of the nether limbs. The robe is a curiosity, made of bark generally, and, like a long sack, sometimes with arms, oftener with mere arm-holes. The bottom is circular, and below it a face is rudely painted. This is put on so as to be a considerable distance above the head; opposite the dancer's mouth is a slit to allow him to breathe. This strange thing is pulled over the head and descends to the knee, ending in fringes of grass or strips of skin. Each dancer is furnished with two rattles, having a long handle, and the dance begins. They chant the ancient songs peculiar to the dance in the monotonous cadence, which seems so characteristic of Indian music in all parts of the land, and which seems to our ears as devoid of harmony as the movements of the dance are to grace in our eyes.

DROWNED IN AN AUSTRALIAN GULCH.

Nor the least of the perils which surround the gold-diggers are the physical features of the country. Ravines, gulches, running streams and countless holes, stud every step with danger, even in broad day. At night these, of course, are doubly so. Indeed, even to those who know the ground well, it is daring Providence without you provide yourself with a good lantern. The incident we

have illustrated is founded on the death of Charles Turner, a miner, who, returning from visiting a neighbor near Ballarat, fell down one of these gulches. His non-return induced some friends to search for him. After considerable trouble, they came to a gulch, where, by the aid of a rope, one of the party descended. There the unhappy man was found quite dead from exposure and cold. There were four feet of water in it. From the lacerations it was evident that he had exhausted himself in trying to climb out of his living tomb.

POPE PIUS IX. AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

THE rapid course of events, which seem to indicate that ere long the Pope will cease to rank as an Italian prince, gives an interest to the portraits here presented, from a recent photograph of Pius IX. and his household, if we may use the expression. Prominent among these is Cardinal Antonelli, so long his able and energetic prime minister. Few Popes have been more personally esteemed or estimable than Pius; but the change is one of politics and nationalities, not one in which he himself gives any cause.

With the loss of the temporal power the Papacy begins a new era. For that petty power the Catholic world has, since the opening of the sixteenth century, consented to see the Pope always Italian, and a vast majority of the cardinals also Italian. Now that the Catholic world can demand that for the next three centuries there be no Italian Popes, and that in the Sacred College each nation be represented by a delegation corresponding to its Catholic population; France, with her thirty odd millions of Catholics has not her real voice; Russia, with her large Catholic population, has no representative in the cardinalate; England, with twenty million Catholic subjects, has but one; the United States, with four millions, has none. Our Government should concert with other Governments this great reform, that no foreign nation shall longer obtain the power so long held by Italy.

JOHN BRIGHT.

A RECENT telegram by the Atlantic cable announces that a great reform gathering had been held in London, at which John Bright, the Member for Rochdale in the English Parliament, had been the presiding genius. A daily comic paper, which boasts of possessing the earliest cream of all intelligence, estimates the number at fifty thousand; which, without allowing for outsiders, gives, in a population of three millions, gives one to every sixty inhabitants. A man need not be as great an arithmetician as Cassio to know that a greater failure could scarcely be.

John Bright, the leader of the mob, has been for several years an active leader in English politics, and the kindly feeling he expressed for the Union, during the late war, has given him almost a household name in America. Born in Rochdale in 1811, he is still in vigorous health, and if he acts with common prudence, he may yet attain a lasting influence in England. His conduct, however, lately, has shown so much want of judgment, and such an utter ignorance of the English sober second-thought, that we should not be surprised to find him in a short time shorn of his popularity. The ignorance of our journalists is shown in nothing more than in their appreciation of this popular demagogue, whom they invest with a power seldom, if ever, acquired by men of the class to which Mr. Bright belongs.

The portrait we publish gives an excellent idea of a bold, energetic, coarse man, well calculated to inflame an unreasoning multitude, but utterly

incapable of guiding it to a wise conclusion. He derived his earlier and better reputation from his intimate association with the late Richard Cobden, one of the greatest men of the age, who was at once a statesman and a humanitarian.

"Two Sensible Words."

BY COUSIN MAUD.

"Too bad, by George!"
"What's the matter, Holt?"
"Why, there's old Gray has gone and smashed up clean, so they say; and what's to become of Charlie, I wonder?"
"What! Old Gray, the millionaire?"
"Yes, so everybody supposed; but now not so much millionaire as he might be. It's deuced hard on Charlie."

The words floated out through a cloud of cigar smoke, up to the upper windows of the Lincklaw House, and penetrated the pink auricular organs of Miss Nettie Ayer, heretofore absorbed in dreams of last night's conquests and visions of what the evening hop would bring. The novel which she



DROWNED IN AN AUSTRALIAN GULCH.

held in her dainty fingers dropped to the floor, while she bent forward to catch what followed from the group of gentlemen on the piazza.

"How did it happen?" queried one who had not yet spoken.

"Oh, oil speculations, of course," answered he who had first spoken, Hollister Reed; "oil speculations, which are worse than betting on races, playing poker, or tossing 'prop.'"

"And what will La Belle Nettie say?" asked still another.

"Oh, your attentions now will be encouraged, as soon as Miss Nettie finds out that her lamb is not golden-fleeced," answered Reed.

And Ned Holmes, angrily tossing away the cigar which he had taken from between his teeth to

compound the question, got up and sauntered to the other end of the piazza. The gentlemen looked after him with a quiet smile.

"There goes Miss Nettie's partner in one of the most interesting flirtations I ever witnessed," said Reed.

"Or participated in?" asked Frank Patten, slyly.

"Yes," responded Reed.

"I have always wondered, Reed," rejoined Patten, "that you didn't get up a flirtation with the adorable Nettie; you are such an old stager."

"Don't like the style," answered Reed, shortly. "Pink and white prettiness does well enough for you fellows, I perhaps; but I want to talk to a woman who can understand and answer me."

"And cannot Nettie Ayer?"

"I never heard he say two sensible words in my life."

The young lady spoken of drew back from the window, while her face flushed hotly.

"We shall see, Mr. Reed," she said to herself, while her blue eyes flashed with a sudden resolve, and the ripe



POPE PIUS AND HIS CARDINALS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

lips were compressed; "we shall see if you will not hear Nettie Ayer speak 'two sensible words'! We shall see!"

The hop that evening was delightful, and Miss Ayer perfectly bewitching. Charlie Gray had withdrawn from the circle of admirers who surrounded her; and to Ned Holmes she gave her most beaming smiles. Poor Charlie saw it thought that the unfortunate oil speculations of his father had robbed him of one with whom his every thought of future happiness had heretofore been connected, and his heart grew hard and bitter. Still, outwardly, he bore a gay appearance, and but few, if any, suspected that he was pining beneath the withdrawal of the smiles of the reigning belle. Coolly he devoted himself to Bella Cameron, a pretty little brunette, and left Miss Nettie no chance, even had she been so inclined, to gloat over the havoc she had made among his heartstrings.

But Nettie was not heartless. Nature had made her beautiful; she made herself agreeable, and her position in society made her the reigning belle. If she had not overheard the remarks of Reed, she probably would have attempted to overcome Charlie's pride, which, after his father's failure, prompted him to withdraw from her with whom he had heretofore been the most favored suitor. Only for that unlucky conversation she would still have held him beneath the bondage of her smiles, and there would have been no occasion for this narrative ever to have been written; but now she let him go without an effort to detain him, nay, with a decided impetus toward the outer ring. She was absorbed in another plan, and what it was will presently appear.

The next morning there was a boating excursion on the little lake, and Miss Nettie was up betimes. Ned Holmes had obtained permission to be her escort, and was preparing his little boat, the Flying Cloud, for her reception. So she ran down to the parlor, hat and shawl in her hand, and seated herself at the piano to while away the time until Ned should come for her.

She did not see Hollister Reed lying at full length upon one of the sofas, for the blinds had not yet been opened nor the curtains put aside. It was just a gray twilight in the room; so imagining herself alone, she closed the door and commenced playing for herself. The prying eyes of society were not on her now, and she could play what best pleased her.

So she struck off into "Silver Lake Waltz," then into the grand, solemn "Spirit Waltz," and then, leaving that, she poured forth through all the shuddering chords the wild, weird, wailing music of the "Lava Storm." Anon, she dashed off into "Bonaie Charlie," and, as if memory were still pursuing her, she played "Love's Chidings," and again—and this time her voice swelled full and clear upon the air of the silent room—she poured out the full passion of "Lorena." What a grand spirit of prophecy—what a glorious light in the blue eyes—as she sang:

"There is a future! Oh, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part;
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart!"

The last sound of the song died on the air, and then she bowed her head upon the instrument, and sobs shook her frame. No tears came to her eyes, but hard, dry sobs seemed as if to rend her heart asunder.

A step came along the hall. In the midst of her

keen agony she heard it, and, arising hastily, she clad herself in shawl and "seaside," and appeared at the door just in time to meet Ned Holmes, wearing a smile on her face and saying, gayly:

"Looking for me, were you?"

"Yes, Miss Nettie," answered the young man.

"The little Flying Cloud only awaits your sweet presence to distance her namesake of the sky above."

Hollister Reed lay quite still until the echo of their footsteps had died out. Then he slowly arose, rubbed his eyes, stroked his whiskers, and, placing his hat on the back of his head, remarked to himself:

"By Jove, there's more in that girl than I gave her credit for. Wonder if it's Charlie Gray she's been singing for this morning? Something of that sort, I'll warrant. Well, I believe, I'll cultivate Miss Nettie a little. Let's see! Hop at the Lake House to-night. Of course she'll go. I don't think I need be afraid. I'm an old stager, as Patten says. Any way, I'll see what *La Belle Nettie* is made of. I can go pretty deep

without getting mired," complacently surveying himself in the pierglass opposite.

"Confounded dark," he muttered, leaving the room, and closing the door noiselessly after him as if fearful that Nettie might yet return, and find out that he had been a witness to her emotion that morning.

Nettie was brilliant when she appeared at the Lake House that evening, and so Hollister Reed observed, wondering why he had never before cared to cultivate her.

He resolved to do so now; so, approaching her, he solicited the honor of her hand for the next dance, which proved to be a round waltz.

If Hollister Reed loved to dance anything, it was a round waltz; and if there was anything in which Nettie excelled, it was this same dance. So, at its close, when Reed led her to a seat, he gladly took a seat at her side; and lingered there, loth to part, it seemed. And Miss Nettie, too, exerted all her fascinations to keep him there. She was determined he should repent of the ungracious speech he had made on the piazza. So

all the artillery of her charms of mind and manner were brought to bear against him. And not without effect. Night after night found him at her side; day after day was he her escort in fishing, riding or boating excursions; in a quiet morning ramble, or an evening chat over the piano or a new book. His companions looked on—Frank Patten giving it as his opinion that "Reed was pretty well gone," while Ned Holmes sulked and said nothing.

And so the days sped on.

Charlie Gray had left town, and nothing had been heard of him. The firm of Gray & Son had resumed business, though upon what capital, no one knew. Evidently they were doing well. But of Charlie, no one knew; or, if they did, Nettie Ayer never heard. If Hollister Reed knew, he also knew well enough what belonged to his own interest never to tell her. He remembered that scene in the darkened parlor, when Nettie imagined herself alone with her own heart. He thought he knew for whom that emotion had been exhibited. She had loved Charlie Gray, yet would not marry him because he was penniless. Yet why should that prevent? She had enough for both. But perhaps Charlie had not asked her—and her pride prevented her making any overtures, and had long ago blotted out her love for Charlie Gray, and centred it upon himself, Hollister Reed. Was it so? he questioned himself. He would see; and that right speedily. It must be speedily; for in a few days the season at C— would end, and Miss Nettie leave for home.

A grand ball at the Lincklaw House was to finish up the summer festivities; and the fair ones donned their gayest robes and brightest smiles for the occasion.

Nettie Ayer, radiant in festal robes, wandered listlessly through the brilliantly lighted rooms, leaning on the arm of Hollister Reed. Her thoughts were not with him, but far away. She longed for something, she hardly knew or would confess to herself what it was. Only, she was glad she was going home very soon. It should be to-morrow, she said to herself. She would shut herself up in her room, and read and study, and improve her mind. She would not go to any parties this winter—just as the band struck up "First Love Valse," and almost ere she was aware of it, she was flitting through the room in the mazy measure. When it was through she turned to her partner.

"Let us get out of this glare of light," she said, almost pettishly. "I hate this gairishness!"

Her companion, secretly glad of such a request, hastened to conduct her to the parlor, where he had first heard her sing her heart-songs. It was deserted; so she threw herself upon the sofa, and covered her face with both her hands.

Hollister was touched—he could bear it no longer. His idol was sad—perhaps at the thought of leaving him. He must comfort her, even at the expense of his dearly cherished secret. Alas! he must confess it to himself, he had gone "deeper" than he thought, and he had at last "got mired;" even if an "old stager," he must confess that this flirtation was too much for him.

"Nettie, dear Nettie!" and the voice was remarkably low and sweet for Hollister Reed to employ, "you are sad; let me comfort you, darling; you know I love you! Tell me if I may hope?"

"Really, Mr. Reed," and Nettie raised her head, a triumphant light shining in her blue eyes, "what can you mean? Surely foolish Nettie



JOHN BRIGHT, THE ORATOR AND REFORMER, OF ENGLAND.

Ayer can find no favor in the eyes of your sound judgment?"

"Do not mock me, Nettie. I want you—want you always. You are not foolish. To me you are always beautiful and wise. I want you for my wife. Will you not be mine?"

"Mr. Reed," and the blue eyes were cast down, though the voice was calm, with just a trifle of triumph trilling through it, "I know not what to answer you. Tell me what you want me to say?"

"Only two words, Nettie. Say 'Yes, Hollister,' and I shall be satisfied."

"Oh, I understand now, Mr. Reed. You wish me to say two sensible words. You know you once said you never heard me say two sensible words in your life. But I doubt if those are sensible, and very much prefer to say 'No, sir' which, I think, in this case, are perfectly sensible."

"Nettie, Nettie, what can you mean? You surely do not mean to refuse me? Why is it?"

"Don't like the style!" quoted Nettie, sarcastically. "Really, Mr. Reed, you seem to have forgotten your conversation upon the piazza a few weeks ago. But the next time you discuss Nettie Ayer in so public a place, give her the credit of saying 'two sensible words.' Good-evening, sir!" rising with a company air.

Mr. Reed was too crest-fallen to remonstrate. He hastily retreated from the room, ejaculating to himself:

"Confound the luck! How did she ever hear of that? Halloo, sir! beg pardon," as he jostled against a gentleman making his way into the parlor.

The gentleman passed on without a word. Reed looked after him.

"I do believe that's Charlie Gray," he said to himself, as he made his way back to the ball-room.

It was Charlie, and he had heard the latter part of Reed's and Nettie's conversation.

"No time like the present," thought Charlie. "She can only say me nay."

He entered the room noiselessly. She had again buried her face in her hands. He knelt before her.

"Nettie!" he said, softly. She raised her head.

"Oh, Charlie!" she cried, joyfully, "you have come back at last."

A half hour passed, and they still sat there.

"I must tell you, Nettie, said Charlie, at length, about the oil speculation. Petroleum stock is a decided success. I have been out there in Pennsylvania to see."

"Foolish boy," she answered, carelessly, "to think I cared for the loss of your fortune."

"But your coolness, Nettie?"

"Was caused by your pride," she answered.

"Could I say, unsolicited, what—what—"

She stammered and broke down.

"What you have said to-night?" he asked, roughly.

"No, darling, I cannot blame you in the least. It was my pride which prevented me from asking you to become the wife of a penniless man and to dower him with your rich inheritance of beauty, wealth, youth and love."

He sat silent a moment, and then said:

"Nettie, about Mr. Reed? I heard a part of your conversation to-night."

"Oh, Charlie, I'll tell you. I wanted to punish him," and she told him the whole story.

"Insolent puppy!" exclaimed Charlie, angrily.

"There, there, dear," she said, soothingly, "don't be angry. I have punished him enough already."

"And all the time that report gave you to Reed you loved me? Oh, darling, if I had but known it!"

"How did you happen to come back, Charlie?"

"I could not let you go without seeing you once more. Tell me again that you love me."

"Then, Sir Impertinence," she said, rising, "you know too much already. Let us visit the ball-room once more before the dance breaks up. This is my last night in C—"

People started a little to see Nettie entering the room on Charlie's arm, and Reed and Ned Holmes looked on with faces blank with chagrin. Patten whispered to a chum:

"Look at Reed and Ned Holmes. They went it rather strong; but Charlie Gray has the floor, and guess he'll keep it."

The next morning the lumbering old stage conveyed the passengers to the depot at S—. Among them were Charlie and Nettie. This was last summer, and to-day I read the marriage in the Journal.

And now, in the gray twilight of this still November evening, I leave them to their happiness; and may such be also yours, dear reader, is the prayer of Maud.

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A MAGNIFICENT SUCCESS.—As might have been predicted, the Grand Charitable Presentation Festival is decidedly a great success. Through energetic management such a feeling of security has been planted in the public mind, that, with the natural disposition of the American people to patronize all great undertakings, and especially when directed in so worthy a channel as this, the remittances have poured in from all sections of the country. The funds have been placed in the hands of trustees, prominent citizens, men who stand high in public esteem. The amount received thus far is sufficient to furnish the presents, and thus the whole affair stands guaranteed in every particular. Those who have not purchased their tickets should bear in mind that the Festival will certainly take place on the 22nd of this month.

A MODEL PAPER.—The Watchman and Recorder, of Boston, has an enviable reputation for ability and enterprise. It has not been surpassed in merit by any religious journal in the country. But it aspires to higher excellence, and proposes to become, with the opening of the New Year, one of the most comprehensive family papers in the world. It will be greatly enlarged, and published on a double sheet: one sheet devoted, as hitherto, to religious matter; the other to literary, social, monetary and agricultural articles. This latter department will be new and peculiar, with a rich variety of contents, embracing articles on current moral, social and political questions; on the leading men of the age in thought and action; reviews of important books; tales for the family circle; agricultural and gardening matters for farmers; and monetary articles and reports of the markets for business men. No journal in the world certainly has a more comprehensive plan to meet the wants of all families, and of all the members in a

family; and as the editorial staff will consist of nine men, all able and experienced in the several departments, who will be assisted by thirty contributors, many of them having a national reputation, the Watchman and Recorder must become a model family paper, unequalled in merit and in circulation. Its enterprising conductors deserve the largest success.

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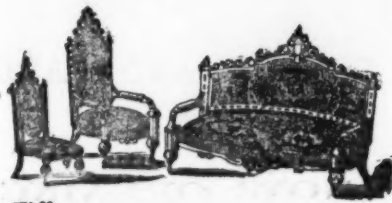
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NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for all needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

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NEW YORK, October 1, 1866.

The undersigned, desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the city of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

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COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

SATURDAY EVENING, December 22,

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In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

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| 1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y..... | 3,000 | |
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| 1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings and Pin)..... | 1,000 | |
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Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

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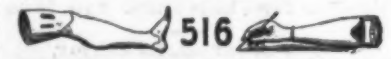
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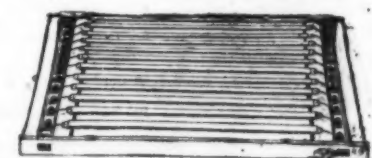
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